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THE JUBILEE.

OF all the multitude of testimonies to the splendid success of the QUEEN'S Jubilee, we have not much hesitation for our own part in indicating what we regard as the most emphatic and significant. It is that the cloud of literary witnesses to the fact have hardly succeeded—not even they—in overcolouring any of the greater and more striking aspects of the national festival. The “adjectives and superlatives” which one humorous and experienced journalistic scene-painter declared himself the other night to have reserved so strictly for his coming description of the pageant that he had none to bestow in an after-dinner speech, have been duly expended by him, and more still by others of his fellow-craftsmen, on word-pictures of the show; and yet the coolest criticism must honestly admit that they have not overdone it. Thanks to her own latest developments, Progress, as our latter-day divinity is prosaically named, but rarely succeeds in getting ahead of her eulogists. However startling in its magnificence may be her newest triumph, her daily hymnodists usually contrive to “go one better” in their descriptions of it. Indeed, they not unfrequently manage after a little practice to go so many better in the way of exaggeration that to the eye of impartiality the particular marvel under process of celebration begins to look quite small in comparison with the swelling rhetoric of the celebrant. His sesquipedal words have a stride which too often reduces to relative insignificance the longest step in advance that Progress can be supposed to have taken. Whenever, therefore, we come across some event, historical or other, which is not thus reduced by the process of “celebration” resolutely and perseveringly applied to it, we may know by this token, if by no other, that it is really a big thing. And thus it has fared with the Jubilee. The word-painters have worked their picturesque will upon its scenic aspects over many days and columns; the harpers harping upon their harps have held high descant upon its moral grandeur and impressiveness in every variety of key and measure; yet even to those whose senses are the most fatigued with this excessive feast of literary colour and music, the subject of it all can have lost nothing of its original effect upon the imagination. It remains the simple truth that never in modern times has there been in this country a Court pageant to compare in splendour and stateliness with that of last Tuesday; and no less indisputable is it that London, the London which we know, or our fathers remember, has never adorned and illuminated her league-long thoroughfares with anything like the abundance of decoration and the glory of gaslight with which they have been glowing daily and blazing nightly throughout the week. Above all, it is a fact as completely and much more importantly beyond question that the great ceremonial in the Abbey, after Corinthian eloquence has done its worst on the historical, political, and poetic aspects of the scene, stands out before us still with all its majesty unimpaired. The QUEEN receiving the homage of her children and grandchildren on the most historically venerable spot of English ground, and after solemn investiture in the Royal robes which she assumed half a century ago to enter upon the happiest and, for her own share in it, the most beneficent reign in our history—this we feel to be a spectacle which still appeals with undiminished force to our pride of patriotism, to our reverence for antiquity, to our respect for faithfulness in the discharge of the highest of national duties, and, lastly, to that combination of all these instincts with the added

feeling of personal regard which goes to make up the modern and, so to say, “rationalistic,” but none the less powerful, enduring, and politically valuable, sentiment of loyalty to the Crown.

With equal truth, and truth no less remarkable, may it be said that conventionalities have been as powerless to detract from the interest of the chief figure in this week's pageant as overlaid rhetoric has been to vulgarize and hackney the story of the Jubilee itself. On the contrary, even the most threadbare commonplaces of respect and admiration for the QUEEN's record as a constitutional sovereign have appeared, as at such a time of course they should appear, to gather to themselves a new weight of reality and meaning. It is only on such occasions, perhaps, that the ordinary mass of unthinking people are able to realize all that is implied in the mere fact that a tribute to individual merit can pass into a commonplace at all. There must be many among HER MAJESTY's subjects who have been for the first time struck by the reflection that those praises of her public virtues which they have too often, possibly, repeated from “the lips outward,” might have been uttered by them any time these fifty years, with equal justice, from their inmost hearts. It is not, indeed, too much to attribute this feeling to that class of political or constitutional theorists who dispute the common assumption that the long and blameless reign of Queen VICTORIA has been as favourable to the interests of the institution of Monarchy as it has been honourable to herself. Even the most resolutely dogmatic of the speculators on “what might have been” if the Crown of England had been worn for the last century by a male Sovereign must admit that, given the conditions of the problem before her, the QUEEN has adapted herself to them with a rare tact and self-denial. If in some important points (as notably in that of the dismissal of Ministers) certain powers of the prerogative, uncertain at the death of WILLIAM IV., must now be regarded as having by fifty years of non-user suffered lapse—if that be the case, which, however, we do not admit to be by any means indisputable, it would still remain true that her present MAJESTY has faithfully husbanded, and by wise employment protected from challenge, all that still extensive personal influence of the Sovereign which was, under the circumstances, the most that she could possibly hope to retain, but which by imprudent action she might very easily have impaired or even lost. The temptation to employ Court intrigue to supplement the lapsing, or apparently lapsing, powers of prerogative is one which no vain or weak woman could have withstood. It is to the lasting credit of the QUEEN that she has never yielded to any such temptation, if even she has ever felt it, from the first day of her reign until the present hour. Preferences not merely for this or that policy, but for this or that Minister, she must undoubtedly have had; she would have been neither queen nor woman if she had not at times entertained both the one and the other. Yet has she never on any single occasion pressed them beyond the points to which they may prudently and legitimately be allowed to prevail. And the consequence is that the Royal influence has never in her hand excited even a passing breath of popular jealousy, and that she will transmit it, still intact and unchallenged, to her successor. All which amounts to saying that the Crown has during HER MAJESTY's reign lost none of its power through her fault, nor retained any of it save through her merit.

One important consequence of her tact and judgment as

a ruler has been conspicuously visible, during the later years of her rule, in the decline of all speculative opposition, at least in any quarter worth noticing, to the monarchical principle in the country. Republicanism was at no time anything more than the fad of one or two young politicians of more cleverness than common sense; it has now sunk into the crotchets of a few presumptuous nonentities who have not even ability to recommend them. The sort of person through whom this exploded creed has found utterance in the press during the last few days is fairly typical of the general body of its believers. In other words, it has been given up to men whose hostility to this or that form of government is discredited by their total and ostentatiously displayed ignorance of what the very word "government" must in any sane conception of it be assumed to mean. Monarchy, when assailed by Republicanism of the old Radical type, was at least confronted by a foe whom it could respect; but Monarchists pitted against Anarchists can feel nothing but intellectual contempt for their adversaries, and can, in any case, confidently claim the alliance against them of all those who, whatever their abstract preference in the matter of political forms, would rather live under a Monarchy informed by toleration and good sense than under a Democracy of fanatical sentimentalism.

THE QUEEN AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE brilliant success of the late national celebration has, like still more important results, been rendered possible by the constitutional neutrality of the Crown. SIÈRÈS's proposal of a Grand Elector who was to take no active share in the government would have deserved credit as an ingenious and perhaps effective device, if it had not been too servilely copied from the English precedent. BONAPARTE's contemptuous rejection of the offered post showed that he understood the conditions of authority in France better than the theoretical projector. The most unscrupulous among men of practical genius would have been absurdly out of place as mere arbitrator among rival ambitions. The distinction between reigning and governing has never been thoroughly understood except in England; and indeed it is in the highest degree artificial, though its origin and growth are exclusively historical. Foreign statesmen have repeatedly attempted imitations of the English model. The whole reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE was occupied in secret conflicts with his successive Ministers, in which the victory almost always rested with the King. In Prussia the King has never surrendered his authority to the nominees of a Parliament. The Emperor of AUSTRIA exercises a predominant influence in both divisions of the Monarchy. In one of the two great Republics of the present day the President, as an avowed partisan, acknowledges the duty of supporting the Democratic or Republican organization to which he owes his election. The French Constitution approximates more nearly to the English type. The President of the Republic in some degree represents the Grand Elector, emerging from his ordinarily passive position only when it is necessary to form a new Administration; but M. GRÉVY's office has no influence on the popular imagination, and, except in times of general mediocrity, he is overshadowed by the Ministers whom he appoints and the other political leaders. There may perhaps be a remote analogy between the English Constitution and the system which has existed down to a recent date in Japan. The Tycoon governed the State, and the Mikado was the legitimate sovereign; but the difference between Oriental and European institutions would perhaps render the comparison deceptive.

It would be both difficult and unprofitable to attempt an accurate definition of the prerogatives which still belong personally to a king or queen in England. Much depends on circumstances, and more on the tact and judgment with which the relations between the Sovereign and the Ministers are conducted. The history of the earlier part of the present reign, as it has been told by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, by Mr. GREVILLE, and by other writers of authority, fully explains both the extent and the limits of the influence which the Court then exercised on public affairs. The PRINCE CONSORT was equal in capacity to the ablest of the QUEEN's Ministers, and in foreign affairs he was often better informed. On the subjects of Italy, of Germany, of Denmark, and perhaps of America, he differed widely from Lord PALMERSTON; but, if he failed to convince the actual

Government, his opposition to its policy never proceeded further. In later years the QUEEN has had to dispense with the advice of her wisest counsellor, whose interests were absolutely identified with her own. It is highly probable that she may have frequently disapproved of the policy of a Prime Minister who is supposed to treat her with scant respect; but she has never furnished the smallest excuse for the complaints of Radical agitators that she has not deferred sufficiently to Mr. GLADSTONE. The PRINCE CONSORT, if he had lived, would have been too prudent to resist domestic measures which were supported by formidable majorities in and out of Parliament. The profound respect which still surrounds the Throne would be impaired if the QUEEN had in mature age repeated the more than venial error of her early youth by connecting herself exclusively with one party. The splendour of her position, the veneration which her character commands, and the vague powers which have not yet become obsolete, are all employed for the general benefit of the nation, and not in courting personal popularity or in promoting the interests of political or private favourites. During the present week every loyal and self-respecting subject in the kingdom has been able to share the general enthusiasm without compromising any political opinion.

It oddly happens that the only hostile critics of the QUEEN's admirable observance of impartiality are extreme democrats, who would prefer the despotism of a successful demagogue to the freedom allowed by the Constitution. One Radical member has publicly dissociated himself from the sentiment which has been expressed at the Jubilee for the alleged reason that he cannot conscientiously applaud the highest representative of the policy which is pursued or professed by the present Government. Whether his motive is a morbid longing for notoriety, or a gloomy political fanaticism, the solitary dissident evidently holds the QUEEN responsible for the Irish Coercion Bill. If she had refused her consent to a proposal made by her constitutional advisers, who, as it happens, command a large majority in both Houses, she would perhaps have satisfied her intelligent critic at the cost of a wanton departure from her uniform principle. The august symbol of the historical traditions of a thousand years is not recognized by one perverse schismatic because he entertains certain prejudices or convictions on a political controversy of the day. A small subscription to a local bonfire, or even an attendance at a Jubilee dinner, would not have disturbed the stern resolution of an obscurer Radical. There has been many a political crisis of as great significance as the struggle on Coercion or Home Rule; and yet the feeling of loyalty and of national pride has not been obliterated. If the QUEEN would only emerge from her seclusion, dismiss her Ministers, and recall Mr. GLADSTONE to office, she might perhaps reclaim one sensitive conscience which rebels against attempts to protect life, property, or civilization. It is not known whether the indignant patriot is also a Republican. He probably consorts with Mr. CONYBEARE, who informed the House of Commons that in his opinion there would never be another Jubilee. It is impossible to forecast the future; but, if such a celebration as that of Tuesday last becomes impossible in the middle of the twentieth century, freedom and order will have lost much of the security which is now enjoyed.

Attacks on the QUEEN by Irish malcontents are less eccentric; but it may be doubted whether in present circumstances they are judicious. A dangerous riot at Cork, in which several constables have been injured, appears to have originated in a protest against the commemoration of the Jubilee. The Mayor of Cork, not unreasonably dismissing a charge against a bill-sticker for posting up a seditious placard, remarked that he saw nothing wrong in the act, and that he would willingly have joined in it himself. The placard, which merely advised the inhabitants to wear crape on the Jubilee day, was certainly not a formidable outrage; but the chief magistrate of the city may by his unseasonable avowal of disaffection have probably encouraged a mob which afterwards wrecked the office of a Conservative paper. The immediate predecessor of the Mayor, who may perhaps be the same person, was one of the half-dozen Irish heads of municipalities who were some months ago cordially welcomed at Hawarden. The Nationalist leaders, of whom several were in Cork during the riot, either held the QUEEN responsible for the Coercion Act or desired to show their animosity to England. On the same day Mr. HEWITT, Mayor of New York, in a speech at a meeting of the St. George's Society, praised the QUEEN for her supposed sympathy with the Northern States during

the Civil War, and also expressed his belief that Ireland might be entrusted with a separate Legislature as safely as New Jersey. Mr. HEWITT's language was courteous and friendly, nor can a foreigner be expected to understand the exact share of an English sovereign in the conduct of public affairs. The millions who cheered the QUEEN in her progress to Westminster knew little and thought nothing of her opinions on questions of foreign policy. If Mr. HEWITT had known the events which were at that very time occurring in Cork, he might perhaps have reconsidered the analogy between Ireland and New Jersey. He must remember the time when it was found necessary to shoot down hundreds of Irish rioters in the streets of New York.

The affronts which were offered to the QUEEN at Cork and in other disaffected parts of Ireland were directed not so much against her person as against the bulk of her subjects. It is not surprising that mobs and agitators should cultivate the spiteful feeling towards England which has been studiously cultivated by their earliest teachers. It is true that mobs cannot reason, but some of Mr. PARNELL's lieutenants, though they are sufficiently astute, serve their own cause badly when they remind the people of England that their animosity is directed against the entire nation. DAVITT, in the confidence naturally produced by long-continued impunity, lately told a sympathetic audience that he had hated England all his life, and that he had never hated it so much as now. He affixed to each separate class, including the lowest, some opprobrious epithet, and there was no reason to doubt his entire sincerity. The marks of disrespect which were exhibited on the occasion of the Jubilee express the same feeling. It would be idle to argue against its justice; but the utterance of hostile language at the present moment seems to be inopportune. Any project of Home Rule which is likely to be brought forward will, like Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill of last year, purport to maintain the unity of the kingdom by various provisions, but it will principally rely on the common allegiance to the Crown. The security was altogether delusive; but it is not for those who rely on a guarantee to impeach its validity. It is obvious that those who go out of their way to insult a blameless Sovereign have no intention of preserving their allegiance when it can be safely repudiated. It is not altogether in mistake that they identify the person of the QUEEN with the realm. The enmity of DAVITT to the English nation is shared by the revilers of the QUEEN. Mr. GLADSTONE's civilized world has with few exceptions felt a kindly sympathy in the celebration of the Jubilee. The Home Ruler alone celebrated the day by a display of the signs of mourning.

AT LAST.

AT last, and after a delay which can be described in various picturesque manners by various MACAULAYS of the future, but which it is to be feared will be dismissed by more sober-minded chroniclers as a waste of time of some months, the Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill has passed through Committee. The last scene was pretty much what might have been expected by careful students of the manners and customs of the TANNER-GLADSTONE party. A little discussion of no extraordinarily obstructive kind took place on the sixth clause. Mr. GLADSTONE plaintively remarked that it was "a matter coming more and more into doubt in his mind whether any regard was still entertained for the Constitution," and, indeed, as far as Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers are concerned, we only wonder that there should be any doubt or wonder left. Mr. DILLON talked about precipices, and then the fateful hour of Clôture approached. But it was considerably less dramatic than had been anticipated by some who do not know that, if you resist the Devil, he will, in politics as in other matters, execute strategic movements with quietness and despatch. Instead of some tragedy from Mr. GLADSTONE, or some comedy from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or some appeals to human timidity from Mr. MORLEY, no one more distinguished than Sir CHARLES RUSSELL was retained to perorate on the *finis Hibernica*, and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL divided his speech between the merest technicalities and an attempt to show that terrorism is not terrorism. Then ten o'clock struck, and the long-looked-for transformation scene took place. Mr. COURTNEY rose up, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL sat down, the indignant Parnellites shook the dust of the House off their feet, the regular Opposition went into the

lobby, to find themselves defeated by 169, and then solemnly, but perhaps with less dignity than solemnity, followed their friends, and left the House to the Unionists.

It must probably have occurred to not a few persons that, if this imposing demonstration of sulks were to end in the malcontents never returning, the House and the country would most certainly not be serious losers. There have been of late years sufficiently lamentable and indefensible fits of obstruction; but there has never till now been a Session in which an organized attempt to reduce the whole working power of Parliament to impotence has been made by the representatives of one of the great English political parties, and countenanced by men who have lately held the very highest positions in the Government of the QUEEN. There have been oppositions, hopeless oppositions perhaps, certainly ill-judged and ill-conducted oppositions. But it is difficult to recall any long opposition to a Government measure which has been distinguished from the first and uniformly by such discreditable tactics as this. It was after the first week or two of debate certain that the Separatist minority could not detach one section of the Unionist majority from the other; and it was very early shown that the Irish members intended to surpass, in unmannerliness to the chief officials of the House, in reckless waste of time, in insolent language to their opponents, and in general misconduct, even the records of their own party during the last seven years. During all this the responsible leaders of the Gladstonian Liberals have sometimes winked at this misconduct, they have sometimes openly participated in it, they have never, save by the most futile and occasional remarks, attempted to check it or to help in opposing it. To such a height of audacity or to such an extreme of despair has the party been reduced, that both in Parliament and out of it the precedent of a few years ago is alleged not to apply now, precisely because the Conservative Opposition of that time was loyal to the Crown, the House, and the traditions of gentlemen, and because the Liberal Opposition of the present year has been disloyal to all three. It was right for Mr. GLADSTONE to "close," because his legitimate opponents behaved well; it is wrong for Mr. SMITH to close, because his legitimate opponents have behaved disgracefully. The argument is worthy of the conduct, and the conduct of the argument.

It is impossible, however, for any impartial critic to visit blame wholly on one side, and in view of the future, no less than of the past, it is important to dwell a little on the shortcomings of the Government side. To do the Liberal Unionists justice, it does not seem that any share of the blame is due to them. With one or two insignificant exceptions, they have been true to their engagements and to public policy, and have never hesitated to put themselves at the disposal of the Government when called upon. Some men may think that their squeamishness at the change of venue clause was a little childish; but it was, in persons of their antecedents, a not dishonourable childishness, and the question was, after all, but of minor importance. It is, however, impossible to acquit the Government of showing in this instance also a certain lack of vigour, and occasionally a certain lack of intelligence. We know all their difficulties; we are quite prepared for all their excuses. It was undoubtedly an entirely novel and a very formidable problem to meet a "rebel party," not, as usual, with the assistance of the regular Opposition, but with the regular Opposition openly assisting the "rebels." It was important to prevent any appearance of indecently hustling the Bill through, and the forms of the House undoubtedly provided, and must in any case provide, a numerous and wholly unscrupulous Opposition with many opportunities of hindrance and delay. But all this will not excuse the broad fact that on the very eve of Midsummer Day, after an entire spring of wrangling, only the second stage, speaking broadly, of a Bill of no great intricacy or length has been reached, no other business whatever except a very little of the most absolutely necessary routine having been got through. And it is not difficult to meet the objection (never a very strong one) which is frequently made in such cases—"It is all very well to look merely at results; you must also look at means." We do look at means; and we think it impossible for any one who examines them impartially not to admit that there were means at the disposal of the Government for expediting the matter very considerably. Not merely might the Clôture have been fairly applied nearly a month ago, but the Bill might have been better drawn, the speakers entrusted with it might sometimes have been better acquainted with their

case, not a few of the various red herrings which were drawn across the path might have been neglected or kicked summarily out of the way, instead of being laboriously followed, and the oratorical part of the matter might have been better managed. Although the Treasury bench contains speakers quite equal to any Gladstonian Liberal except Mr. GLADSTONE himself, and although the loss of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been compensated by the gain of Mr. GOSCHEN, who is now as a debater hardly inferior to any of his contemporaries, it is difficult on looking back to think that, merely as a debate, the thing has been well done. And it has to be remembered that in these days of Clôture the good management of debate means something much more than a mere oratorical victory here and there. It means the provision of suitable occasions for closing the discussion. All this is important, because though the main fight is over, there will be, when this week of truce has past, plenty more fighting, or at least the chance of plenty. We have never been of those who are happy if Parliament can show a long list of Bills passed, and miserable or indignant if it cannot. But there is no doubt that, if anything like the rope which has been given up to this time is given hereafter to Irish and Gladstonian obstructors, the necessary business-work of Parliament will be most unduly curtailed and inconvenienced, while other business, not perhaps absolutely necessary, but in parts useful and desirable, will be rendered impossible. The Government, therefore, if it is well advised, will take very particular pains, not merely to shorten, but to direct skilfully, whatever more fight takes place on the subject. Let a reasonable time be allowed beforehand for each stage, let a Minister be deputed when that time is up to deal pointedly with the whole case so far, and then let the question be put without further delay or shillyshally. We have never pretended to be fond of the Clôture; we are not fond of it now, and we wish it did not exist. But, as it exists, and is certain to be put in force with complete lack of scruple by the other side if they should ever unhappily be replaced in power, let the rosebuds be gathered while they may.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM.

THE extraordinary success of Miss RAMSAY in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge; the more natural, but still remarkable, feat of Miss HERVEY in the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos; and the less brilliant, if even more solid, achievement of two ladies from Newnham at the same time, which has not been so much noticed as it deserves, are the real academical events of the past week. Both Oxford and Cambridge have been conferring honorary degrees upon distinguished persons, as is their annual and not unpleasant custom. But the SPEAKER adds more dignity to his degree than he takes from it, and the wardrobe of a Lord Mayor can receive little new splendour from the gown of a Doctor of Civil Law. The position of the two ladies' colleges at Cambridge, on the other hand, which was already very high, cannot fail to be raised still higher by the appearance of the recent class-lists. Whatever may be the case in the future, and whatever ought to be the case now, the fact undoubtedly is that women do not at present, all question of physical stamina apart, contend on equal terms with men in classical examinations. Once they get to Cambridge, they may be just as well taught, and, indeed, they have every educational advantage which Cambridge can bestow. But they usually begin late, too late for acquiring the scholarly instincts which supersede and survive the knowledge of grammars and text-books. They do not, like most first-class men, learn Greek in the schoolroom and Latin in the nursery. Yet every year which passes after the age of eleven or twelve makes it more difficult to acquire absolute mastery over a new language. Miss RAMSAY did not learn Greek before she was sixteen, though she comes of a classical race. Her father took a double first at Oxford. Her uncle is Professor of Latin at Glasgow. Her great-uncle, the famous commentator on PLAUTUS, had a genius for scholarship. The magnitude of Miss RAMSAY's performance has been exaggerated by some good-natured panegyrists, who were pardonably misled by the obscure complexity of the new system of examinations at Cambridge. She cannot be put on the same level, as the *Times* sought to put her, with the Senior Classics of old days. Strictly speaking, there is no longer any such thing as a Senior Classic at all. The Classical Tripos is divided into two

parts, each part is divided into three classes, and each class in the first part consists of two or more divisions. But the names in each class, or division of a class, are arranged in alphabetical order, and it is only the accident of there being no men in the first division of the first class this year that creates the possibility of describing Miss RAMSAY as a Senior Classic. A more practical consideration is that she has not yet competed for honours in the second and advanced part of the Tripos for which only those who have obtained honours in the first may enter. Miss POCOCK and Miss POWELL, of Newnham, who have been placed in the first class for this final part, one of them distinguished in philosophy, the other in history, have been through both ordeals, and it is not impossible, though of course highly improbable, for a so-called "Senior Classic" to find herself at last in the second class.

But even the most ingenious devil's advocate, into whose hands we have perhaps been playing too much, could not make out that Miss RAMSAY's feat was an ordinary one. To have easily distanced in a classical contest all the best Cambridge men of her standing is to have shown, not only singular ability and capacity for work, but also the still more valuable qualities of coolness, judgment, and self-reliance. That girls are less stupid than boys is plain enough to any competent critic. But they are also less conceited, and diffidence is not a quality which conduces to success in examinations. The first part of the Classical Tripos is more purely literary than the second, and contains less of those extraneous, if not unconnected, topics—history, philosophy, archæology, and philosophy. It retains the verse composition which is excluded from the second part, and which remains the most convenient and available test of nicety and delicacy in scholarship. Certain "Cambridge Correspondents," presumably not members of the University, have done their best to make Miss RAMSAY's position ridiculous by piling up the agony, and talking of the "Great Classical Tripos" as if it were a sort of English substitute for the Grand Prix. Happily ladies, especially studious ladies, are not like the proverbial Senior Wrangler who said that he would on no account go up to town until the excitement was over. Miss HERVEY, of Newnham, occupies nearly the same position in the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos as Miss RAMSAY occupies in the first part of the Classical Tripos. She is alone in the first class, which contains no men, and has especially distinguished herself in German, which includes (Heaven help us!) old Saxon and Gothic. In modern languages, though not in their mediæval forms, women have something like the same advantage over men which in the classics men have over women. A shrewd observer once said that, if a boy who got a Prince Consort's prize at Eton had not a foreign name, it was ten to one he had a foreign nurse. A more rational system of education, which we seem to be gradually approaching, would tend to remove the handicap, for which there is no ground, in both cases. It is unnecessary to make invidious comparisons between Girton's "Senior Classic" and the triple honours of Newnham. Both colleges have far surpassed the expectations of their founders, and their relations to the University, which only require to be supplemented by the admission of their students to degrees, are creditable to both parties. At Oxford, Somerville Hall and Lady Margaret Hall have not yet gained an equal reputation or obtained the same academical recognition. But that is merely a question of time. Some of the people most interested in Girton and Newnham are making a diligent and scientific inquiry into the subsequent career and health of the students. The result on paper will be very interesting, though the practical results are eminently satisfactory.

SMALL ALLOTMENTS.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S Allotment Bill gave rise to a short conversation in the House of Lords, but it is not likely to proceed further. A private member of either House can scarcely have expected to do more than to invite official legislation; and, if many positive assertions may be trusted, there is little immediate necessity for interfering with voluntary arrangements. There is no doubt that in many parts of the country the demand for allotments has already been met by landowners. It is doubtful whether there is a deficiency of supply considerable enough to justify compulsory measures. As Lord SALISBURY said, there is

little difficulty in providing allotments or cottage gardens when a house stands in a field; but, when the population is collected in villages or small towns, the nearest land which would be suitable for occupation in allotments is often exceptionally valuable for other purposes. In such cases a fair rent might be inconveniently high; and it is not desirable that either private owners or local authorities should dispose of allotments as charitable doles. One impediment to the immediate settlement of the question is the uncertainty which exists as to the future system of local government. Lord DUNRAVEN had little choice in defining the authority which is to exercise powers of compulsory purchase and of distribution. He proposed to entrust the duty provisionally to the justices, and ultimately to the governing bodies which may be established for counties or districts. It would scarcely be possible to obtain the consent of the House of Commons to the exercise of compulsion except by some body deriving its origin from popular election. The justices would frequently be accused or suspected of partiality to their own class, both in the selection of sites of allotments and in the adjustment of purchase-money and of rents. The question is of comparatively small importance, because the new rural municipalities will shortly supersede any temporary authority which might be created. It will be difficult to provide sufficient guarantees against favouritism and oppression; but, for political reasons, the risk will have to be faced. The holders and claimants of allotments will be constituents of the Board or Council which will dispose of a valuable privilege or possession. The danger of corruption is obvious, but it must be encountered.

One of the speakers in the short debate called the attention of the House of Lords to the wide distinction between allotments and small holdings. It is evidently expedient that a labourer should, if he wishes it, have the opportunity of employing his spare hours in cultivating a garden or an allotment. The value of his services to his employer, and consequently the amount of his wages, is unaffected by the disposal of his leisure, and in many instances his family can do the whole or a large portion of the necessary work. For such objects it may be fairly, or at least plausibly, argued that the ordinary rules of law and of political economy should be exceptionally suspended. The largest sacrifice which will be imposed on landowners is not excessive in amount, and the benefit to the recipient may be considerable. The main objection to the proposal consists in the risk of establishing a precedent. Whether the indefinite multiplication of small holdings would be beneficial is a more doubtful question; and the problem can only be solved by experiment, or, in other words, by voluntary methods. Whether an owner of twenty or forty acres of land, without other means of subsistence, can obtain a comfortable subsistence from the produce of the land is at present, to say the least, uncertain. Demagogues and agrarian projectors have perhaps produced some impression by incessant clamour; but it is a sufficient answer to their demands that, if their economic conjectures are well founded, the most profitable form of cultivation will be gradually and generally adopted. The difficulty of obtaining any large or small quantity of land by purchase has entirely disappeared. The machinery of Building Societies, with or without modification, might at any time be applied to the indefinite extension of small holdings.

In the opinion of many competent judges, small holdings above the rank of allotments or gardens can only be advantageously possessed by holders who have some other source of income. Small tradesmen and artisans, such as carpenters and blacksmiths, derive many advantages from the occupation of land within a convenient distance; and they often accumulate small capitals, which might be advantageously invested in little farms. In many cases they would dispense with hired labour, and their own households would furnish markets for a large part of the produce of their land. It is not with the interests of such persons that the agrarian agitators are disposed to concern themselves. They wish to divide the whole or the greater part of the soil among a peasantry which would, as they confidently declare, increase the supply of agricultural produce. It would be useless to meet assertion by assertion, and it is possible that, since the extensive conversion of arable land into grass, subdivision might tend to increase of the gross produce. In former times, before scientific cultivation had become unprofitable, English and Scotch farmers excelled all competitors in the proportion of result to outlay. It is only in agrarian speculation that an increase in the number of

producers is supposed to be an economic advantage. If double the present amount of food could be extracted from the land by four times the number of cultivators, it is evident that the community would be poorer. The Trades-Union leaders and some other popular theorists fancy that they would diminish the pressure of competition in the towns by settling some of the present inhabitants in the counties. If this would accomplish their immediate object, they would find that population would keep pace with the supply or the means of subsistence. An earlier result would be the revival of the demand for agricultural protection. The French operatives are compelled to submit to heavy and increasing taxes on their food because they are outvoted by the owners of land. The probability that any class will misuse political power is no sufficient reason for deprecating its progress in wealth and in numbers; but the interests of a class ought not to be confused with the possible advantage which any change in its condition might confer upon its neighbours or competitors. If small holdings tend to prosperity, they are desirable for the sake, not of the remaining dwellers in towns, but of the actual occupiers.

The only Bill introduced into Parliament before Lord DUNRAVEN's which has dealt in any manner with allotments dismissed them, as if in contempt, with a miserable provision of three or four clauses. The rest of the measure consisted of a more elaborate scheme for the compulsory purchase of land to be afterwards distributed by the local authority among buyers or lessees of petty farms. Small holdings were nominally defined by a limit of forty acres, but there was nothing to prevent a single holder from acquiring two or more farms. Any local authority might buy land compulsorily, not only within its own area, but in any part of the kingdom; and in the very insolence of injustice rural municipalities were protected against the true owners of any land which they might have bought with a bad title. In such cases the governing body was to be responsible in damages; but it was in any case to retain the land. The Bill might by a revolutionary Government, supported by a sympathetic majority, have been so worked as to render all landed titles precarious and insecure. No proposal has ever been submitted to Parliament which was equally arbitrary in the design of giving effect to an untried agrarian theory. The framers of the Bill assumed throughout, not only that little farms were desirable, but that they must necessarily be profitable and prosperous. The highly probable alternative of the ruin of the occupier would have been met probably by a remission or return of the purchase-money, to be supplemented by the rates at the expense of the independent landowners of the district. If some eccentric Jacobin had devised such a proposal without concert with any political party, it would have been scarcely worth while to expose its extravagant injustice; but the second reading of the Small Holdings and Allotments Bill was carried by a large majority with the expressed approval and at the instance of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. The division was decisive of the fall of the Government which was then in office; and indeed the measure had been deliberately accepted by the Liberals as an instrument for the overthrow of Lord SALISBURY. Political combinations have fortunately since that time been almost wholly readjusted; but the same or another House of Commons may possibly repeat an extravagance which has once been perpetrated. The truth or error of any economic theory may be discussed with safety and with possible advantage. The introduction of compulsory provisions is a serious and sometimes a dangerous innovation. The injury which might be inflicted on landowners by the most comprehensive scheme of compulsory allotments would affect only a small portion of their property. The substitution of legislative compulsion for free contract on any more considerable scale might be ruinous. The acquisition of land for public purposes against the will of the owners has been sanctioned in a long series of private Acts; but in every case a definite object has been assigned by the promoters and proved to the satisfaction of the proper tribunal. Parliamentary Committees have never deliberately authorized the compulsory purchase of one person's land for the benefit of another. Many of those who are opposed to the creation of small holdings by the intervention of Parliament would welcome the success of any voluntary system of subdivision. In the meantime they are not sanguine of the result of an experiment which has failed so far, that small freeholds have almost everywhere been absorbed by the operation of natural causes into neighbouring properties. If they could be restored, the same process would probably

be repeated, unless accumulation were prohibited by legislative enactment. It is not altogether expedient to render small holdings unalienable, like the peasant properties which formerly existed in many parts of Europe. Even the Land Reform League would hesitate to tie up half the land in the country by a perpetual entail.

AFGHANISTAN.

EVEN in Jubilee week a certain amount of interest has been kept up in Central Asian affairs partly by the serious report of a mutiny at Herat, partly by a crowd of minor rumours, and partly by Professor VAMBÉRY's earnest attempts to rouse English opinion on the subject of the Russian annexation of Kerki. On this latter point we are unable to agree with the able and well-informed Hungarian who has done such good service by keeping before Englishmen facts of which too many of them would no doubt otherwise be ignorant or careless. We need hardly say that we do not in the least question M. VAMBÉRY's demonstration of the importance of complete Russian control of the lower Oxus, or disagree with his opinion that the acquisition of Kerki is intended to strengthen that control. Both these things are undeniable by any one who understands the subject. Nor do we differ with him in the very least as to the strength of the evidence thus given in reference to the ceaseless activity of Russia in these parts. But in the first place it does not appear to us that it is possible for England to take any notice of the matter, and in the second we are by no means sure that, if it were possible, it would be worth while. It may have been right or it may have been wrong years ago to acquiesce practically, if not explicitly, in the extension of Russian influence, if not of Russian dominion, over the Khanates to the north of the Oxus and to the west of its lower course. We think, with Professor VAMBÉRY, that it was wrong. But, right or wrong, it was done, and we cannot now discover a sudden interest in regions which we have practically abandoned to Russia. Nay, if we did, we should be putting in Russian mouths the immediate and damaging retort, "If you begin to meddle with things north of the Afghan boundary [and nobody denies that Kerki is north of the Afghan boundary], we may begin to meddle with things south of it." Besides, to excite ourselves suddenly about a particular point on the course of the river, when we have practically given up the whole of that course below Khoja Saleh, seems to be not only useless, but absurd. What should we think of the French if, having given up the Rhine quietly to Germany, and acquiesced in German domination from Strasburg to Huningen, they were suddenly to throw themselves into a violent state of excitement because of a German garrison at Brisach? Of course the garrison at Brisach would be a menace to France; indeed, it would be more so than the garrison of Kerki is to England. But its establishment would be a mere detail in a generally conceded arrangement. We should have applauded Mr. GLADSTONE if he had gone to war about Penjeh; we should applaud any statesman, be he who he might, who went to the last extremities to keep Russian hands off Afghanistan. But to demonstrate about Kerki after allowing the subjugation of the Tekkes, after permitting the Caspian and the Oxus to be joined by railway, and after solemnly negotiating about the precise limit of Russian hold on the river at a point far higher than Kerki itself, seems to us, we confess, irrational. In politics more than anywhere else we ought to resist the avoidable to the death, but not to lift a finger against the unavoidable.

The Professor's views on the general restlessness of Russia in this quarter at the present moment are much less disputable. Undoubtedly there is a great going to and fro on paper, and probably not a small one in reality. For some weeks past it has been almost impossible to take up a newspaper without seeing the announcement now of a muster of troops at Askabad or Charjui, now of a new branch of the Transcaspian railway, now of a military road to connect Russian Turkistan and Persia. It is indeed not at all improbable that no small part of this is *blague*. It is very well known that the Russians are as much disturbed by the restoration of English influence at Constantinople as if they were English Gladstonians, and that they hope to influence both England and Turkey by making a great show of activity at the other end of the Moslem world.

It is also probable, if not known, that the CZAR's chagrin at his disgraceful defeat in Bulgaria has set him on designs of titular, and perhaps of real, aggrandizement in Asia. But, though all these things would make for an ostentation of energy beyond the real exertion of it, it must be remembered that they would also make for a certain amount of actual work. Moreover, it must never be forgotten that the belief in England's disunion and paralysis at this moment is very strong in all Continental nations. They see that Mr. GLADSTONE, who has twice been omnipotent in England, is doing all he can to divide her counsels and weaken her power. They can read in Gladstonian newspapers how utterly ignorant his followers still are of the simplest facts of foreign politics, and how willing they are, for the sake of discrediting their party enemies, to oppose any arrangement, beneficial to England, which those enemies may make. Although it is not quite certain that the Russians might not reckon without their host in taking the diminished, disgraced, and desperate party of Separatists as valuable allies, they know they can reckon on them, and on their leader, to hinder when they are in Opposition and to yield when they are in power. Persons much more scrupulous than Russian politicians have considered it allowable to accept the treason while disapproving the traitor, and probably since the days when it was not uncommon for Ministers to be actually in foreign pay, a country's enemies have never had such useful tools as the enemies of England have in the Gladstonian party.

If Russia really meditated serious disturbance, there is no doubt that it is by such things as the reported Ghilzai mutiny at Herat that she would begin. Of actual facts in that district it is almost impossible to obtain accurate intelligence, though it is probable that such intelligence is at the disposal of Lord DUFFERIN. We do not blame the reticence of the mouthpieces of the Indian Government in Parliament; for there are many reasons why, unless it is actually necessary to alarm public opinion, silence on these matters, with ample preparation *à-bas*, is much better than talk. Nor does the harmonizing of the almost irreconcilable statements as to the distances of the Russian outposts and of the railway from Herat, of the forces and disposition of the CZAR's troops, of the state of Herat itself in fortifications, garrison, and temper, matter so very much. Most competent authorities were agreed that when the Russians were allowed to advance beyond Sarakhs the prevention of a sudden attempt on Herat became, unless Herat itself was occupied by England, pretty nearly impossible. It is to be presumed that the argument for acquiescence in the advance was something of this kind:—"We cannot prevent the Russians from taking Herat; but they know perfectly well that, if they do take Herat, they must do a good deal more, and that we are making arrangements to meet." For our part we have never approved this argument, and we think that the day on which the Cossacks enter Herat will be the worst day that England has known for the last hundred years and more. If that day comes it will, as we have said, probably be ushered in by a nominal mutiny of the Herat garrison. The mutineers may invite the Russians, or the Russians may be compelled by their orderly and conservative instincts to help the Governor in putting down such a dreadful thing as mutiny, or the peace of that eminently civilized tract of country which the other day was Independent Turkestan may be menaced by the spectacle of Afghans cutting each other's throats. The varieties of possible pretence are infinite, but the particular occasion on which the pretence, whatever it is, is put forward, are not numerous. At present the mutiny is even by report not alleged to be very serious, and is plausibly enough connected with the Ghilzai disturbances. It would be interesting to hear something more about it, but we do not profess to believe that the something more will or can be very reassuring. We have given Mr. SWING the opportunity of setting fire to our thatch whenever he pleases, and it is not one putting out or two that will make an end of the danger.

A FATAL DEFENCE.

AT Brixton, on Wednesday evening, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL made a somewhat elaborate defence of the chiefs of the Parnellite party in reference to the topics known by the compendious title of "Parnellism and Crime." His speech was remarkable in several ways, and deserves

far more general attention than it is, unhappily, at all likely to receive at the present moment. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is not only an extremely clever man, and generally acknowledged to be as skilful an advocate as any now practising at the Bar, but is also, what all eminent barristers are not, an effective speaker before popular audiences. He is, moreover, an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a genuine Home Ruler of some years' standing. Therefore it is not unfair to assume that he put the case for Mr. PARNELL and his friends as strongly as it can be put. It practically amounts to an admission that the main charge against the Parnellites is true, and that they have, as is alleged against them, knowingly and deliberately availed themselves of the association and support of murderers, cattle-maimers, incendiaries, and other criminals.

Sir CHARLES RUSSELL began by apologizing for a reference to Parnellism and Crime, "which was now perhaps stale and offensive." That Parnellism and Crime, separately and together, are offensive, the majority of the English people are agreed. As to the staleness, it is perfectly true that their association has long been notorious to people who took an interest in the matter, but these confessions last longer than Sir CHARLES RUSSELL seems to think, and he will hear a great deal more about Parnellism and Crime before its interest becomes merely historical. Sir CHARLES then briefly stated his argument, which was that "there was nothing new in the statements in 'Parnellism and Crime' except the statement about the forged letter." "Laughter" greeted this declaration, and it does Brixton credit. For an advocate like Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to begin his proof that certain allegations are unfounded by begging the question as to one of the most important of them was indeed a confession of weakness so abject as to be almost ridiculous. What the public knows is that at present it is very nearly as well established as anything can be by evidence that the letter alluded to was not forged, but genuine; and that therefore the description of it as "forged" was a pleasing touch of that broad and guileless humour which English crowds like. "All the rest," went on Sir CHARLES, "was as 'old as 1881-82.'" So it is, and the facts that it has been asserted with increasing vehemence and frequency, by increasing numbers of responsible accusers, for six years, and that it did not elicit so much as a pretence of denial until the other day, and that, when at last even Parnellite effrontery was not equal to persevering any longer in silence, the answer made was a howl of absolute refusal to endeavour to refute the charges, are evidence of no ordinary cogency that the charges cannot be refuted, and that the only result of judicial investigation would be still further to demonstrate their truth. Yet this observation that the charges are old is absolutely all that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL has to say on the general question. It is hard to imagine a stronger implicit confession that the case is hopeless.

Having said relevantly to the question what has been recorded, Sir CHARLES went on to add irrelevant observations at considerably greater length. It should not go unnoticed that he thought it worthy of himself and his friends—and he ought to be a good judge—to refer to "wholesale libels that had been sent forward by the firm, among others, of W. H. SMITH & SON." Sir CHARLES RUSSELL knows perfectly well that Mr. W. H. SMITH has nothing to do with the management of the firm which bears his name. He also knows—for Mr. LABOUCHERE has told him—even if he could not see it himself, that Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON carry on their business with admirable efficiency, impartially selling whatever their customers demand. He also knows—for he has been Attorney-General—that if Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON sell a single copy of a libel, the person libelled can recover damages from them. If, with all this knowledge, he enjoys borrowing his sneer at second-hand from Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, he is welcome to his enjoyment. Then Sir CHARLES developed his irrelevant *argumentum ad homines*, which was, in three words, that in 1885, when these charges were four years old, the Tories were more or less allied with Mr. PARNELL. Supposing—which is not the fact—that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's statements on this point were all perfectly accurate, it would have, as Sir CHARLES well knows, nothing whatever to do with the matter. For one thing, the publication "Parnellism and Crime" is not made by Tories at all, but by Liberal Unionists. But even as against Tories, if the whole alliance painted by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's fancy had really existed, and had been an alliance in which the party as a whole concurred, which even Sir CHARLES dares not suggest,

the wicked motives of the Tories would be no answer to the charges against the Parnellites. Sir CHARLES may have been better advised in offering a defence than he would have been in not offering any. But as its nature clearly shows that his ingenuity cannot make even a semblance of a real defence, it does not appear that he could easily have left his clients much worse off.

OUR SHIPS.

IT is very disagreeable to be compelled to vindicate a favourite cause from the support of its friends; but the thing has to be done at times. At this moment the great cause of naval efficiency is in some need of vindication from the compromising help of two gentlemen, of whom one has appeared on its behalf quite recently, and the other has fought for it in his own fashion for years. The quarrel between Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Sir E. J. REED of the one part and Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY of the other (with Captain PENROSE FITZGERALD intervening, and, it must be said, intervening very effectually) has been virulent enough to secure some attention even in this week. This is no small tribute to its acrimony, and that is about as much as can fairly be said in its favour. The question nominally at issue between the parties is of vital national importance—it is nothing less than the efficiency of the fleet—but the nominal subject of quarrel has been completely overlaid by a tiresome personal wrangle. As far as anybody concerned is entitled to sympathy at all we confess that our sympathy is with Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY. He was made the object of a violent, and withal insolent, piece of scolding in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's Wolverhampton speech. It was more than was to be expected of mere human patience that any man should endure to have it said that he had been dismissed as an incompetent, worthless fellow, or words to that effect. Sir NATHANIEL would have done more wisely if he had confined himself to confuting the charge in a letter to the editor of the *Times*, and had abstained from entering into a discussion with Lord RANDOLPH on the shipbuilding policy of recent years. But any error of judgment Sir N. BARNABY may have committed was entirely eclipsed by the bad manners of the other side. Brazen behaviour, official dishonesty, "this person," deplorably defective capacity, and so forth, have been the expressions which have flowed from the pen of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Then in comes Sir E. J. REED with his insufferable condescension and sour contempt, and tells how he helped his near relative (one sees the words poor relation shining through the politer phrase) on in life, and how he got him appointed to a high office in the hope that he would, like a grateful boy, carry out the ideas of his patron, and how sad it is that Sir NATHANIEL has not done so. The result is inevitably that most people see nothing so distinctly in all this as Lord RANDOLPH's rudeness and Sir E. J. REED's offensive manners. Lord RANDOLPH asks the *Times* why it misrepresents his side of the case. The answer might be that Lord RANDOLPH has done his best to hide his side of the case. He has chosen to make his criticism on the management of the navy subordinate to acrimonious personalities, and of course they secure the most attention. It is very unfortunate that Lord RANDOLPH is never so well listened to as when he is abusing somebody, but he cannot jump off his own shadow. He is a great master of the art of making slating speeches, and the public looks for the throwing of slates. When they are hurled at a person who, for all most of us know to the contrary, is as honest a man as either Lord RANDOLPH or Sir E. J. REED, why there is a natural inclination to take his side. If the navy is to get any advantage out of this discussion it will be first of all necessary to sweep this personal wrangle out of the way. The most effectual method of doing this good work will be to pay a minimum of attention to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Sir E. J. REED. It is the misfortune of these gentlemen—a curse put on them at their birth by a wicked fairy no doubt—that they cannot discuss any question without wandering off into personalities. Sir E. J. REED refers with unctuous gravity to the great victory he won when the *Captain* went down. He would have been wiser to have left that subject alone. We do not want to be reminded that he treated Captain COLES in a highly offensive manner, and still less do we think that it was worth while losing a ship and five hundred men to prove Sir E. J. REED in the right.

For the rest the loss did not prove him in the right in "pushing professional feeling to the point of personal antagonism" to Captain COLES. Whether the *Captain* was a good ship or not, that was bad manners; and if the whole British fleet went down to-morrow that would not prove that Sir E. J. REED was entitled to be offensive to Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY.

There is, unhappily, only too much reason to believe that the shipbuilding policy of the Admiralty has been unwise in recent years. Everybody concerned has, of course, been honestly anxious to do his best for the country. English gentlemen in the Admiralty are as honourable as English gentlemen out of it—or, at least, there is no reason why they should not be. It is quite enough for the purpose of the argument to point out that they are not necessarily wiser. There is no touch of offensive personality in saying that an Admiralty constructor is liable to the same errors of judgment as a private builder. He may equally belong to the fatal race of second- and third-rate inventors; who are often exceedingly ingenious, quite honestly convinced of the value of their invention, and hopelessly pig-headed in sticking to it long after everybody else has discovered that it is no good. There is, however, one essential difference between the position of an Admiralty builder and a private speculator of this order. The latter comes swiftly to bankruptcy and the workhouse. The former works with the nation's money, leaves his failures as a burden on the Budget, and retires with a pension. It is not proved that we have not been burdened with a number of ships built by workmen of the futile ingenious order. The *Ajax* and the *Agamemnon* are at least ugly examples to be cited in support of that proposition. There is very little advantage to be got by entering into the dispute as to whether this or that system of protection is the best. Laymen are not competent to judge, and the experts are pretty well divided. Sir E. J. REED has a great deal to say for his views, and so have the gentlemen on the other side. The mere Englishman, who wants his navy strong, but knows nothing of the art of shipbuilding, stands, as it were, between PEACHUM and LOCKIT. What makes it the more difficult to feel any considerable confidence in either side is the fact that they both prophesy freely, but that neither has yet given convincing proof that it possesses the gift. When A declares that B's ships are full of weak places, and that they will be sunk by a single shot as soon as they go under fire; and B replies that A's ships are vulnerable all over, and will be easily riddled as soon as they meet an enemy, and both quote chapter and verse—what is to be done? One thing to do is to agree with both, and declare that we have not a ship to show for ourselves. Another, and perhaps a wiser, is to remember that nobody's vessels have been really tried, that our navy, like all the others in the world to-day, is an experiment, and that war only, and war on a great scale, can put it to the test. This experimental character of modern naval forces is the one excuse for the late Admiralty practice of altering designs while a ship is in course of construction. Whatever the value of the original plan may have been, it is certain that in many cases the ship launched is not the ship designed. New engines, new arrangements of weights, new armaments are added while she is building; and she is commissioned as something very different from what she was meant to be. The *Impérieuse* is, for the moment, the most conspicuous case in point. Whether she is as good, or not so good, a ship as she was first designed to be, it is certain that she is not the same ship. What sort of ship she really is, nobody need try to decide. While Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is making one series of statements about her and other authorities another, and Sir E. J. REED is giving the Admiralty the lie, by far the wisest course is to take nothing on trust, but insist on an inquiry into and a classification of our vessels as the indispensable preliminary to any further discussion, and still more to any further outlay. It would seem, from some statements made in the course of the discussion, that the belted cruisers built out of the Vote of Credit have been treated in the same fashion as the *Impérieuse*; but it is to be hoped that this is a mistake, for it had been thought that, if the Admiralty has learnt wisdom in no other respect, it has got to understand the folly of mere chopping and changing.

It will not be denied that there is enough in what is known of the state of the fleet to cause some distrust. The Admiralty has of late become more businesslike; but the bulk of our ships were built under former administrations, and if they are indeed worthless then our case is a bad one. What are we to do to set our minds at rest, or to prove the

need of a great scheme of reconstruction, entailing an outlay, not of four but of forty millions? The Wolverhampton suggestion that we should cut down the navy estimates, and leave the same persons to do more and better work with less money, is a mere piece of rub-a-dub oratory calculated to get the applause of the groundlings. A more rational suggestion is the appointment of a Commission, on the model of Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S, to inquire and pronounce. Royal Commissions are not things to fall in love with, as a rule, but the example of this one is encouraging. Another, organized in somewhat the same way, and working in the same fashion, might clear up the fog a little, and tell us more distinctly where we are. Some pronouncement of the kind is badly needed, for the assertions, answers, replies, rejoinders, personalities, pedantries, and rancour of newspaper discussions are as barren as the sea, and less beautiful than a ditch.

THE REVOLVER AGAIN.

GOVERNMENTS and Parliaments regard with little concern such a dry and uninteresting topic as safety for the lives and limbs of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. An exception is made for those who work in coal mines, because their employment raises burning questions about the labour of women, disputes between master and men, or rivalry between the counties of Lancaster and Durham. The promiscuous use of revolvers merely endangers everybody, and as the Irishman said of the unpopular landlord who had never been shot at, "what's everybody's business is nobody's business." We venture, however, to think that it is the HOME SECRETARY'S business to provide for the peace and good order of these realms, and herein of London no less than of Wales. Mr. MATTHEWS treats with mere contempt any suggestion made in the House of Commons to the effect that further restrictions should be placed upon the sale of firearms, or that a special scale of punishment should be framed for armed burglars. One of these days a Cabinet Minister may be accidentally taken off (even a Privy Seal would be better than nothing), and then the House of Commons will be asked to suspend its standing orders, even before the suspension of the reckless or too lucky sportsman. Meanwhile, in pursuance of a painful and irksome duty, we must again call attention to the growth of revolvers in the metropolis. It is no pleasure to dwell upon plain facts, and enforce obvious lessons. In the words of Mr. GILBERT, we do it, but we do not like it.

Neither, we may be sure, did SUSANNAH GRIGGS, of 22 Lodge Road, St. John's Wood, who was the victim of a similar performance on the 10th of the present month. On that day Mr. CHARLES SARGENT, who was staying at the Arundel Hotel in the Strand, drove up the Lodge Road in a victoria, which was drawn by a pair of horses. From this elegant equipage he proceeded to fire two shots, with the rather lame result of sending a bullet through Mrs. GRIGGS'S drawing-room window. The evidence of Mrs. GRIGGS left much to be desired. She said she believed it was Mr. SARGENT who fired the shots, but she was not sure, although Mr. SARGENT'S solicitor admitted the fact. She further said that Mr. SARGENT had previously broken the knocker off her door, and damaged the door, "but that had been settled for." We quite agree with Mr. DE RUTZEN, who heard the case, that Mrs. GRIGGS "seemed rather mysterious about the matter." But our curiosity is greater than that of the learned magistrate, who was satisfied with the statements that Mrs. GRIGGS was afraid of her life, that she did not wish the defendant to come near her place, but that why he behaved in that way she did not know. The defence was that the shots were fired unintentionally; but even Mr. DE RUTZEN could not quite swallow such nonsense as that. So he convicted the defendant in his absence, and fined him two pounds, with two shillings costs. Mr. SARGENT himself did not appear at all, presumably thinking that a summons was like an invitation to a dull party from people whom one does not mind offending. By allowing his court to be treated with such flagrant contempt, by neglecting to inquire into a case which requires so much explanation, and by inflicting a merely nominal penalty for a very serious offence, Mr. DE RUTZEN has shown a scandalous disregard for the preservation of life and property. Mr. SARGENT and his victoria, Mrs. GRIGGS and her broken knocker, might afford a very good opening for the sensational novelist. But a police magistrate should not be afraid of in-

terfering with the manufacture of plots. Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, of the India Office, who was charged at Hammersmith on Wednesday with shooting Mr. PAUL WARD, an electrical engineer, has been remanded, and it would therefore not be right to express an opinion upon his personal guilt or innocence. The matrimonial differences of Mr. and Mrs. WARD are closely involved in the question, and it may be that the prosecutor got no more than he deserved. The most important part of the case to the public is that the defendant has a rifle in his room, with which he is said to have shot Mrs. WARD, and that Mr. WARD, who admitted that he "took a little drink occasionally," habitually carries a revolver. How long are peaceable citizens to be at the mercy of people who take a little drink occasionally, and habitually carry revolvers? A man in possession of dynamite is assumed, in the absence of proof to the contrary, to have it for an unlawful purpose. Revolvers are no more necessary in the streets of London than dynamite at the domestic hearth, and it should be made an offence to carry them. In the meantime, magistrates might show a little more appreciation of their duty towards the public than Mr. DE RUTZEN showed the other day.

PROTECTIONISM AT THE PIT-BROW.

IT was never to be seriously feared that the present House of Commons would allow itself to be led by the combination of unclean prudery and unashamed protectionism which is seeking to exclude women from what the HOME SECRETARY rightly described as an "honest and healthy" industry, injurious neither to their health nor to their morals. The amendment accordingly by means of which Mr. ELLIS sought to embody this exclusion in the Mines Regulation Bill was rejected last Thursday night by 188 votes against 112. In the debate which preceded this division there was no special feature of novelty. We have already heard all that can be urged by those who would prohibit the employment of women at the pit-brow, and can apportion their arguments with tolerable accuracy between the two motor impulses of prudery and protectionism which we have above indicated as jointly animating the advocates of prohibition. The latter, of course, is by far the more potent and genuine of the two, though, as being the less avowable, it is also the less frequently heard—those who are the most ashamed of it making naturally the most frequent use of its companion. Even that most *naïf* of Trade Union Protectionists Mr. CREMER had occasional resort to it, and talked beautifully in certain passages of his speech of the "brutalizing" occupation which, of course, in the sole interests of female refinement, and in virtue of his own disinterested desire to provide a larger supply of efficient maid-servants for honourable gentlemen opposite, he was desirous of forbidding by legislation. The candour, however, of his subsequent complaint that the employment of women at the pit-brow would tend to lower the rate of wages for the whole working community, and was objectionable on that ground, went far to diminish the impressive effect of his protest against taking girls away from their training in domestic duties and their preparation of themselves for the high mission of becoming suitable wives for the working-man. What was to happen to those women whom the working-man does not see fit to honour with his choice Mr. CREMER omitted to say. That the admission of the female sex to the right of earning their own living in a branch of industry mainly practised by men alone would lower the rate of wages of the whole working community is obvious enough, but it is hardly conclusive from the woman's point of view. In the same way, it may be said that the ration of water served out to the men among a shipwrecked crew would be diminished by sharing it with the women. But the women must be expected to prefer the diminished ration to none at all, and would hardly perhaps be consoled for a condemnation to unsatisfied thirst by being told that some one of their male companions might, sooner or later, propose to share his allowance with the woman who most attracted him. There is something very sultan-like in Mr. CREMER's view of the whole female portion of the working class, as designed by nature to qualify themselves to become candidates for matrimony from among whom well-paid working-men may select their wives, leaving the rest to starve. There is a lord-of-the-creation air about the theory which would make it a very dangerous one to be broached by anybody but a member of

those "masses" among whom the selfishness and arrogance of the "classes" are things unknown.

The unanimity, moreover, with which the prohibition was supported by almost the whole batch of labour representatives in the House, from Mr. BURT and Mr. BROADHURST down to Mr. PICKARD and Mr. ABRAHAM, was most significant, and we trust that the disenchanting lesson of it will not be lost upon those injudicious admirers of the working-man who are still capable of disenchantment. We have included Mr. BROADHURST among the advocates of prohibition, because we cannot regard the proposed compromise which he supported—the exclusion, namely, of girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen from this branch of industry—as anything but a mere attempt to secure half the loaf of monopoly for male labour, since it was evident that the whole was beyond reach. For there was no principle whatever in the proposed limitation. To argue, as Mr. BROADHURST did, that girls should be restrained from pit-brow labour up to the age of sixteen, because the employment of boys under twelve is prohibited at the bottom of the mine, is a most fantastic specimen of logic. Duly worked out, it resolves itself into the contention that, because a boy, who from his age can never be regarded as a free agent, is to be restrained from a form of labour which will certainly be injurious to his health, therefore a girl of an age at which her freedom of action may be quite confidently assumed, ought, by parity of reasoning, to be prevented from employing herself in a form of labour which has been proved not to affect the health injuriously in any way whatever. Merely to state such an argument is to show that it cannot be put forward on its own merits, but only as the decent drapery of some contention which it is necessary to conceal.

THE BESTIAL ELEMENT.

ON the whole, Tuesday night passed off with a respectably small number of cases of disorderly brutality. People not of exceptionally weak nerves who saw the crowd in the streets on Monday after dark felt justified in fearing that next day, and still more next night, would not pass over without ugly trouble—in corners, at least. But there was—to the credit of somebody, either the majority of the crowd or the police, be it said—little cause to complain. Repulsive, lurching figures were to be seen slinking along and making the illuminated streets look a little more like the Hall of Eblis than they would otherwise have done. Now and then a policeman was to be seen driving a handful of scum of both sexes before him out of a crowded thoroughfare—the women draggle-tail and shrill, the men drunk and alternately cursing or furiously kicking, generally at their own females. Of this and of other offensive things there was more than was reported, but not enough to attract wide attention. Still it was there, and some of it was curious. Very curious indeed, as a piece of unmannerly horseplay, was the alleged behaviour of certain persons who employed themselves in throwing pennies to a detachment of HER MAJESTY'S Foot Guards who happened to be on duty near their window. These heroes scrambled for the money till the appearance of an officer restored order. That was, as reported, not a pretty spectacle, and seems to show that there was some neglect on the part of somebody somewhere. The circumstances hardly excused such behaviour on the part of HER MAJESTY'S Foot Guards.

"The circumstances" is a phrase which has been found very useful within the last day or so, and particularly by Mr. WILLIAM ROUGH. As this person had refused his name and address, it may be supposed that this curiously appropriate name was fixed on him by an imaginative constable, or assumed in a spirit of somewhat impudent jocularity. The young man called WILLIAM ROUGH was engaged with others deservingly to be called JOHN, THOMAS, HENRY, &c., ROUGH, outside of the London Pavilion Music Hall in howling, in the incoherent meaningless way proper to the species, also in trooping along with the rest of his herd in the manner proper to wild pigs, biped and quadruped. When asked, in a probably peremptory way, by a policeman to be quiet, he lashed out, and the usual series of events followed. The officer was beaten; the prisoner became violent; several constables had to carry him to the station. Next day he appeared before Mr. COOKE at Marlborough Street Police Court. The worthy magistrate thought that in ordinary time such an offender ought

to be sent to prison without an alternative, "but taking "other circumstances into consideration," he gave Mr. WILLIAM ROUGH his choice between forty shillings or a month. What were the other circumstances? Something not reported perhaps—for, after all, a newspaper police report is not exhaustive—or were they the procession and the illumination? If they were the other circumstances, then we fail to see why they were allowed to tell in WILLIAM ROUGH's favour. That he tried to crush through the crowd on that occasion, and then beat the watch just where a disturbance might have led to a panic and a rush, makes his case worse, and not better, in our opinion. Perhaps the circumstance was that Mr. ROUGH had manifestly no money, and was safe to do his month in any case, and Mr. COOKE's alternative was only offered to show how bland justice can be on this happy occasion. HERBERT KINSEY, age twenty, who assaulted Police Constable 170 C in the Haymarket, was, we are glad to see, remanded, which looks serious for him. WILLIAM HYSLOP's case has a certain originality. He is a soldier in the Scots Guards, and he got into trouble for forcing his conversation on people who did not want it. Is it possible to call in the police when people you do not want to talk to force their conversation on you; or is the privilege confined to Kensington Gardens? This would be worth knowing, and also what HYSLOP was talking about. Was he defending the reduction of the Royal Horse Artillery, or praising the distinguished general who recommended that measure? The report does not say, but it appears that when asked to desist he used disgusting language, and then hit the policeman. Then he ran, and when he was caught up took to his belt, a thing equally useful as a razor strop and as a weapon of defence. With this he laid about him till he was overpowered and run in, not, however, before he had put his back to the wall and cut one policeman's face open with a kick. His sergeant appeared in court, and backed him up by declaring that he bore an indifferent character. Mr. D'EYNCOURT gave him the alternative of fourteen shillings or fourteen days. This does not seem much for—first, forcing his conversation on people who did not want it; second, striking a policeman with a stick; third, hitting out with a belt; fourth, kicking a policeman's face open; fifth, damaging a policeman's uniform. The circumstances in HYSLOP's case were that he had been on guard at Buckingham Palace in the morning, and when relieved had "hastened to be drunk, the business of the day." It was a bad excuse.

MR. BIDMEAD'S REPRIMAND.

THERE is room, no doubt, for some difference of opinion as to the proper punishment of a man who "forges" 1,600 or 1,700 signatures to various petitions addressed "to the House of Commons." It is, however, difficult to suppose that any student of the question who approaches it either from the philosophical or the practical point of view can come to the conclusion that the method of dealing with Mr. REGINALD BIDMEAD was the exactly appropriate one under the circumstances. Mr. BIDMEAD, as the SPEAKER feelingly told him, has committed the offence in question "with a cynical and reckless disregard of the discredit which by his action he was bringing on the great right of "petitioning the House of Commons." His offence, moreover, was one for which, as he was informed by the same high authority, "men have been committed to Newgate, "not in ancient times only, but in quite recent times, and "within the memory of two members now occupying seats "in this House." Such being the case in which Mr. BIDMEAD stood, a certain feeling of artistic disappointment is undoubtedly excited by reading the sentence passed upon him, which was in these words:—"They [the House] have "not committed you to prison, but they have directed me, "as the SPEAKER of the House, to reprimand you, and I do "accordingly reprimand you. You will leave this House "under the censure of this House and under the stigma of "its strong disapprobation."

It is not for us, of course, to presume to limit the possibilities of "awakening" in the human conscience; and it may be that the "stigma of Parliamentary disapprobation" may burn upon the brow of Mr. BIDMEAD like the brand of CAIN, and that, if not exactly shunned by his fellow-men, he would at least move among them as an awful warning against similar outrages upon the dignity of the House of Commons. This, we say, is possible; but, on the whole, we

are inclined to think that the treatment applied not in ancient times only, but in quite recent times, to cases like Mr. BIDMEAD's is the preferable one. We are disposed to believe that a sojourn in Newgate would have been the more effective method of impressing the mind of the offender with a "steady determination to abstain for the future "from any practices of the kind" which have brought upon him the censure of the House. We cannot, moreover, affect to be surprised at the particular course which has been taken by the House of Commons in this case. Mr. BIDMEAD has only been a little more logical and a little less scrupulous than the caucuses and wirepullers in general (and here we make no distinction of party) in the prosecution of a form of political competition which is one of the most contemptible features of modern democracy—the manufacture of spurious "public opinion." No party, we repeat, can be justly pronounced guiltless in this matter—though, of course, we may have our own conviction as to "who began it." Be that as it may, however, it is now undeniable that the "organization of public opinion"—which means, in other words, or at any rate in many cases, the preparation of something which will pass for public opinion—has become a regular branch of party industry, and a recognized weapon of political warfare. Mr. BIDMEAD has only been doing in a somewhat coarser and vulgarer way what is being done almost daily by "Associations" and "Five Hundreds" and political clubs all over the country. It will be good for them to see their political vices thus caricatured by an unskilful hand, and we ought not perhaps to regret, therefore, that Mr. BIDMEAD's reprimand has called the maximum of attention to the caricature. Clearly it would have been impossible under the circumstances to inflict any punishment on the caricaturist; but, on the other hand, it would have been equally impossible to allow so flagrant a contempt of Parliament to pass unrevoked. Probably, therefore, the ceremony of last Thursday evening, with its somewhat lame and impotent conclusion, was the only mode in which the House of Commons could have dealt with the case.

JUBILEE NOTES.

THE Jubilee Day—long expected, much talked of, sung of by minstrels (chiefly those of the street), preached of from pulpits, dreamt of in dreams, and generally worked into a bore by over-zealous promoters—has ended in a triumph. No doubt one of the pleasures of such a celebration as that of last Tuesday, from whatever standpoint we regard it, must be the pleasure of retrospection—

For one of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.

But the most cynical of those who were compelled to take part in it—and nobody, we imagine, was wholly successful in keeping clear of it—however limp and washed-out he may have felt on Wednesday morning, must admit that he looks back on it with less of that unpleasant sense of wasted energy and time thrown away which is usually engendered by a great effort at enforced hilarity. From first to last it was marred by no serious *contretemps*. The fall of the Marquess of Lorne was regrettable; but even the Psychical Society could hardly construe it into a portent of impending disaster to the monarchy; and the four hundred mishaps chronicled by the daily papers appear to have been for the most part trivial. Everybody donned their smartest garments, and all the powers, from Jupiter Pluvius to the street rough, were in the best of humours. The pageant of this week was essentially a pageant of the people. With the exception of the vote for the expenses of the service in the Abbey, the Government did nothing to promote it—nay, rather, they stupidly took away from it some of its most obvious attractions, by refusing to exhibit fireworks, and by even declining to allow private persons to illuminate at their own expense public buildings like Burlington House and the British Museum. The marvellously beautiful decorations in the streets, the happy combination of flags and draperies inscribed with appropriate mottoes and wreathed with flowers, which transformed dull thoroughfares like Piccadilly and Waterloo Place, and made them a sight which every Englishman must have been proud of and every foreigner have envied, were due entirely to private taste and liberality.

We have seen a statement in an evening paper—made, we presume, by an eye-witness—that the crowd in the streets was thin and silent. Other journals point triumphantly to the returns of the railway Companies, showing the numbers that preferred the seaside to the Sovereign. Many thousands may have left London, but how many entered it? We saw the crowd, and arrived at a very different conclusion. At 8.30 A.M.—an hour at which we could hardly be accused of seeing double—we saw with our own eyes that every coign of vantage in and about Trafalgar Square was occupied by spectators, many of whom had probably taken

their places before or soon after daybreak. The base of the Nelson Column, for instance, was completely hidden by a dense mass of human beings, devoid of all protection—not a single umbrella among them—and quite unmindful of the sun that was blazing in their faces. Again, we have been informed by witnesses, in whose credibility we put implicit confidence, that the same eagerness to see all that was to be seen was observable at all other points of the route where the people were not ousted by the privileged occupiers of seats which had been let at high prices. Opposite to the west end of the Abbey the crowd was denser still. Not only was the street thronged, and every window and balcony filled, but even the roofs were covered.

"And what came ye forth for to see?" The crowd, as we can testify from having walked leisurely through it for a considerable distance in various streets, and taken stock of the component parts of the human amalgam, was composed of all classes of society. Mere curiosity no doubt accounted for the presence of some, but it does not satisfactorily explain that of the vast majority. The Queen has led a life of retirement for the last twenty years, it is true; but she has been seen often enough to be no stranger to her people; and the mere wish to catch a glimpse of her, as the people of Thibet might wish to assure themselves of the existence of the Grand Lama, would not have brought so many thousands into the streets. The most obvious conclusion is also, we take it, the most true, however much certain of our contemporaries try to avoid it and sneer at it—namely, that the crowds were inspired by a "loyal passion for our temperate kings," and wished to welcome in person the Royal Lady who has always been so ready to sympathize with her people. Nor can there be any doubt of the enthusiasm with which she was greeted. Mere weariness may account for comparative silence at some points along her route; but, speaking generally, she was received with a roar rather than a cheer. Those who argue that monarchy is on its last legs in England would do well to ponder the lessons which he who runs may read, unless he wilfully close his eyes—in the spontaneity of the celebration, whether in London or in the country. Self-seeking and pretentious fussiness put in their oar, as they will always do, in every direction, and sought to utilize the prevailing sentiment to their own advantage. Hence the endless absurdities which have been projected, all over the kingdom, under cover of the Jubilee. But even if, according to Sydney Smith's definition of charity, A stimulated B to urge C to contribute to some local commemoration of the occasion, loyalty was the only constraining motive which could, in the last resort, be appealed to. In whatever way we analyse the composition of the feelings which have been growing and developing for the last six months all over the country, loyalty is the only quantity which will satisfy all the conditions of the problem to be solved.

Inside the Abbey the pageant, though less popular, was equally striking. Here, as elsewhere, previous anticipations were completely falsified by the result. The glorious church—"the most lovely and lovable thing in Christendom"—as some one has happily called it, was not, as its admirers feared, "Ternie, flôtrie, souillée, déshonorée, brisée" by the galleries which the presence of 10,000 spectators rendered necessary. It seemed to absorb them and their occupants, and to turn them, for the nonce, into festal ornaments of its own stately piers and arches, which soared far above them; while the triforium, filled with spectators, according to ancient usage, infused a mediæval colour into the otherwise modern assemblage, and recalled to those who care for such things some of the historic traditions of the Abbey. It is a pity that the Coronation Stone—the centre of the connexion of the Abbey with our kings—cannot be encased in a setting less unworthy of it than the sham Gothic woodwork which now conceals it. But probably the assembled thousands were thinking more of the Queen than of her chair. Our Sovereign is always dignified; but at no moment of her reign can she have surpassed the dignity and, we may almost say, the pathos of her demeanour in the Abbey on Tuesday last. Neither Prince nor Princess walked by her side at entrance or at departure. Nor when she was seated on the chair were her nearest relations quite close to her. No better means could have been devised to bring home to the spectators the lonely splendour of the Crown. But, surrounded as she was with all that is most graceful in woman and splendid in man, glittering with colour and gold and jewels, while she was dressed in simple black, all who could see her must have felt that she justified her fifty years of royalty by the noble simplicity which dictated every impulse and governed every gesture, till she closed the ceremony with a graceful bow which seemed to include, not merely her royal guests, but the spectators in the adjoining galleries.

Of the service itself we are sorry to have to say that it was hardly equal to the occasion. The prayers, to be sure, were devotional in tone, and distinguished by several happy turns of expression. But those who arranged the remaining portions of it forgot that the congregation—many thousands of whom could only catch a glimpse of the Queen as she passed the nave—had been called to a special Thanksgiving Service. Some opportunity ought surely to have been given to them of joining in a general expression of devotional loyalty, as is afforded at a Coronation. Even "God Save the Queen" was not sung. And why, let us ask, was Handel, the musician *par excellence* of the House of Hanover, represented only by the March from the *Occasional Oratorio*? The "Hallelujah Chorus"—which the Prince Consort once specially selected for a ceremonial in which he had to take

part "because everybody knew it so well," as he said—would have worthily closed a service which, from a musical point of view, must be pronounced poor and cold. From the beginning to the end it neither stirred the heart nor enriched the memory.

ENDS AND ODDS.

THE end of this *divine semaine* approaches, and everybody (at least everybody respectable) appears to be in an unusually good humour. We are so amiable ourselves that, even if any one offered us a good epigram on Mr. Gladstone written in noble Greek, we do not know that we should accept it. The *Times* (even after it had taken its Jubilee frill off) set a very good, and we are sorry to say a very new, example of inter-newspaperial (as some would say) courtesies by complimenting the *Daily Telegraph* on the children's fête. Even *United Ireland* is in a state of sorrow rather than of anger, and weeps at the presence of "all civilized nations except one"—though, by the way, we should have thought that civilized Ireland was present, and only the Ireland of the Bradys and Kellys absent. Only fifteen children out of that vast multitude appear to have eaten more than was good for them—a fact which will probably strike our friend the historian of the future as the most astonishing recorded of the occasion. On the other hand, the singular little drama of the Fenian yacht (if indeed it was a Fenian yacht or a yacht with a Fenian flag) in Bantry Bay shows the ludicrousness of the attempts to discredit the occasion. It has been urged that the *Shannon* should have run these *écumeurs de mer* down or fired shot into them, or done something else of the burn, sink, and do-stroy order. But this would surely have been a pity. In ruder days, to be sure, the crew of that yacht would probably have had a good ducking, or every man of them might have had a nice little piece of the banner covered with butter (there is excellent butter in Ireland), and shoved down his throat. But, on the whole, the naughty boys were perhaps best served by being treated as naughty boys; their contraband toy being taken away from them, and, we trust, put either into the galley fire or applied to some other use (and there are several) which may have commended itself to the ingenuity of the commander of H.M.S. *Shannon*.

Still the most distressful country provided some oddities this week of a rather, though not much, more serious nature than the flag, which has chiefly been remarkable for braving unarmed policemen, and under whose folds Mr. Murphy, M.P. (if that is his unrespectable name, and if it was really he) went a viking in the vik of Bantry. We speak elsewhere of Sir Charles Russell and his remarkable Statute of Limitations, wherein it appears to be made and provided that, if a man is commonly reputed a scoundrel for six years, this repute shall be good evidence that he is an honest man in the seventh. But another Murphy (P.P., not M.P.) claims notice, and on the way to notice him we may gently suggest that "churlish" (which term the *Times* applies to the conduct of the Parnellite members who stayed away, not quite in a body, for there were four of them, or about five per cent., it is said, present) is not quite the right word. *Non omne quod exit in "ish" concenit* in this case. When a man is rude to a lady you don't call him a churl, but a cad, excellent *Times*. "Caddish" and "foolishly caddish" is the phrase, if indeed any phrase is needed. For the Parnellites, if they had had either wits or manners, would have seen that they could not play their own game better than by an almost ostentatious Jubilification. They don't object to Her Majesty's rule; on the contrary, it is only because they are not allowed to be ruled directly by her gracious hand, without the interference of "glaukit Englishers" (as a melodious Home Ruler of another country had it), that they are unhappy. That is the usual Home Rule cant, and here was an opportunity to corroborate it by a signal display of personal loyalty. For it was not the B. Constitution, it was not the brutal Saxon, it was not the more brutal Salisbury Government, that was being honoured, but Queen Victoria personally. But a cad, and a dull cad; naturally does not see these things. It is odd that the *Times* should not have seen them, and so should have called them by a wrong name; but perhaps that Jubilee frill got in its eyes, as a similar adornment gets into the eyes of our friend Toby. By the way, we trust Toby is not jealous of those two very nice cats which Mr. Punch is leading in his this week's cartoon. All cats are nice, but these are nicer than most of their kind.

But we must apologize to Father Murphy for keeping him waiting, and we may as well say that Father Murphy is not the priest of whom we spoke well last week for getting the last of the Bodyke evictions over quietly. That was in a different parish from Father Murphy's; and Father Murphy, as we shall see, is a very different kind of person. Colonel O'Callaghan's agents had written to the *Times*, explaining that the Colonel, if not exactly anxious to entertain angels (very much unawares) by letting National Leaguers sit rent free on his property, is also not exactly a compound of the worst qualities of the tyrannical giants before the Flood, of the Ezzelins of mediæval Italy, of the fabulous *seigneur* of Jacobin imagination, and of the equally fabulous slave-driver of the Abolitionists. It was dreadful to Father Murphy that these men of "wicked purpose," as he calls them, to show his judicial frame of mind, should get a hearing, and so he writes a few words on his arrival at Ennis "to witness the trial of his poor people for charges arising out of the late evictions." This

is a good phrase, and when we remember what the charges against the poor people were (to wit, charges of assaulting, wounding, and trying to damage for life certain other poor people who were simply doing their legal duty) we are rather fond of Father Peter Murphy. But we like him better still further on. He is writing, by his own account, at Ennis, having gone there to witness the prosecution of his poor people for, in the beautiful and simple language of the country, "bating" the bailiffs and the constables. The word "bate," as is well known, surprises by itself much more than "beat." Mr. Free senior preferred a stick with a scythe in it for bating. A friend of ours once captured in actual Irish fight a still more ingenious weapon, to wit, a blackthorn with, for the upper two feet or thereabouts, a nail driven into each knot, and then the head pinched off ragged. At Bodyke they had not these particular "sotleties," but they had hot water, hot lime, hot stirabout, and some say vitriol, with trimmings of anything that came handy. With these they taught the "rowdies"—as they call the emergency bailiffs and the Constabulary—taught them not to be Constabulary and emergency men. After this, says Father Peter, "All that is said about the National League and intimidation arising with it is bosh. The agents were the intimidators." Exactly, and by the same reason the agents assaulted the bailiffs and the police, as thus shortly:—

If Colonel O'Callaghan's agents had not demanded the amount of rent fixed by the Commission as fair "one year with another," less considerable abatements, and had allowed the tenants to fix their abatements for themselves, the tenants would not have refused to pay, *adjuvante et approbante Patre Petro*;

If the tenants had not refused to pay, the agents would not have refused to "desist from their wicked purpose";

If the agents had not refused to desist from their wicked purpose, there would have been no evictions;

If there had been no evictions, it would not have been necessary for the poor people to defend their homesteads;

If it had not been necessary for the p. p. to defend their homesteads, nobody would have been beaten, boiled, limed, vitriolled, taught with chairs and slates and brickbats;

Therefore the agents, and not the poor people, ought to be prosecuted for charges arising, &c.

The process of reasoning is not new; indeed, it is almost exactly similar to that by which it appeared that Mr. Easy senior, J.P. (a tyrant landlord, by the way), killed four men on the coast of Sicily. But we make our compliment to Father Peter on it. That is, no doubt, the way they teach them logic at Maynooth. Indeed, we have always suspected that logic of the usual kind is an unorthodox science from the P.P. point of view. The apostolical succession of logicians is terribly dubious. Aristotle, a heathen; Porphyry, a dreadful bad heathen; St. Augustine, not, indeed, a heathen, but a person sadly relied upon by heretics; Boethius, a heathen or something very much like it; Averroes and the other wicked Arabs, worse than heathens; Abelard, a heretic; Occam, an excommunicated person and denier of the temporal power; Ramus, a heretic; the Port-Royalists, heretics; all the great logicians of this century, and the last either Anglican heretics or German infidels! Upon our word, till we came to run over this little list we never thought what a terrible determiner of heretical pravity your *Ars Logica* was! Beware of it, oh Father Murphy! and stick to your own method. They call it, we believe, in Gladstonian circles, "the logic of the heart"; but it is possible that some of the bailiffs and constables may think that it has a good deal to do with at least the outside of the head.

Peace, however—a quite different peace from that which he would appear to be in the habit of invoking upon those about Colonel O'Callaghan—be with even Father Peter Murphy! It is, of course, sufficiently melancholy to reflect that, if Father Murphy and his kind had chosen, there would have been no breach of pence, and hardly any breach of order. Now it is probably too late for the Roman Catholic clergy to stop the evil, and they have to lead for fear of being left without followers. If, six years ago, they had chosen to adopt the ordinary Christian interpretation of "Owe no man anything," instead of the novel gloss, "If you owe any man anything, don't pay him," affairs in Ireland might be very different to-day. But their text-criticism appears to be equal in originality to Father Murphy's logic. We do not know whether "Thou shalt not steal, except from a landlord," is the way in which the commandment is formally read at Bodyke; it is certainly the way in which it is acted on.

QUEENS IN PROCESSION.

THE grand function of Tuesday is the latest and most imposing of a series of pageants almost, if not quite, peculiar to England and English history. Reigning queens are not common. True, in Madagascar they are the rule, but everywhere else an exception; and it is perhaps partly on that account that the English people has always done its best to pay honour to its queens, and especially to its queens in procession. Our first reigning queen was, of course, the mother of Henry II., the widow successively of the Emperor Henry V. and of Geoffrey, Count of Anjou. But the Empress Matilda can hardly be said to have really reigned in England, and her only London procession was not of a character to increase her popularity. In 1141, about

Midsummer, the citizens "were finally persuaded to forsake their own chosen King," as Miss Norgate tells us, "and thus the Lady entered her capital and took up her abode at Westminster in triumph." The triumph was, however, of short duration, and Matilda was found "very stern to all who withstood her will." The London citizens were soon disgusted with her tyranny, and a progress from St. Albans to the City seems to have been her first and last public appearance in London. From her time to that of Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII., no English queen could be said to sit on the throne in her own right; and the jealous Henry was extremely careful that, even in the honour paid to Elizabeth, no whisper of any such right on her part should be breathed. He deferred her coronation as long as possible, and when the ceremony at last took place—namely, on the 25th of November, 1486—the procession is said to have been made remarkable by the presence in it of the last male Plantagenet, Edward, Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence, who was beheaded on Tower Hill exactly thirteen years later to a day. The next procession of a queen was that of Queen Jane. On the death of Edward VI. at Greenwich, on the 6th July, 1553, some delay was made before the new queen was proclaimed. But on the 10th, "in the afternoon, about three of the clock, Lady Jane was conveyed by water to the Tower of London, and there received as queen." But the people did not respond cordially to her proclamation. They foresaw, probably, a renewal of the long wars of succession which had devastated England during the whole of the fifteenth century, and of whose horrors many still living could testify. "The people," observed the Duke of Northumberland, "the people press to see us; but not one sayeth 'God speed us!'" On the last day of September in that same year Queen Mary passed in procession from the Tower to Westminster for her coronation. We have ample contemporary details of the ceremony. "Before hir arryvall," we read, "was shott of a peale of gones." She sat in a "charret of tyssue, drawne with six horses all betrapped with redd velvet." Her dress is minutely described, and her crown was so heavy that she was "fayn to bear uppe hir hedd with hir handes." A number of gentlemen and knights rode beside and behind her, and "then dyverse judges; then dyverse doctours of dyvynitie." At Fenchurch there was a pageant made by the Genoese merchants in London, and at Gracechurch another by the "Esterlings." On a mount stood four children, "which, with certayn salutations did gratefy the queene." These were only the beginnings of pageants, and at almost every corner, angels "clothed in grene," or damsels in gorgeous apparel symbolizing Grace, Virtue, and Nature, or choir boys singing anthems, met and welcomed her. The most satisfactory and the most wonderful of these manifestations may be briefly noticed. At the end of Cheapside stood "certain children," and one of them handed to her a purse containing a thousand pounds, which, we are told, "she most thankfully receyved"; and at St. Paul's "a fellow" had made a platform on the summit of the spire, and, climbing up to "the veary toppes or backe of the wether cocke," stood on one foot and shook the other, "to the great mervayle and wondering of all the people which behelde him, because yt was thought a mattyer impossyble."

The accession of Elizabeth was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of universal joy, which throws all previous displays of the kind into the shade. The political significance of the popular enthusiasm is remarked by all historians; and, until this week, probably no such procession has been seen in London as that of the new Queen from the Tower to Whitehall on the 14th of January, 1559. It is fully described in a tract which went through several editions at the time, and has since been reprinted more than once. The most remarkable circumstance about the procession seems to have been the absence of guards round the carriage. "For in all her passage she did not only show her most gracious love towards the people in general," but if "the baser personages" offered her flowers she accepted them, and if any one presented a petition or "moved to her any suit," she most gently and to the common rejoicing of all lookers-on, "and private comfort of the party, stayed her chariot and heard their requestes." The interminable sets of verses are fully recited; and they go far to prove that the great literary lights of the Elizabethan age had not yet begun to shine. Pageants and children were as plenty as before, and great historical scenes, one of which represented the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and contained a figure of the Queen herself, "now owre most dradde Sovereigne Ladie, crowned and apparelled." The carriage had been driven too near to this trophy, so that the Queen could not see its whole meaning, and she had it drawn back a little, and listened to a set of doggerel verses which a child repeated in explanation of the allegory. At the "nether ende of Cornhill" was another pageant, and others to the number of four or five at various corners on the road. At the end of Cheapside the City Recorder presented her with a purse containing a thousand marks, and the Queen made a short speech to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in which she declared that, "for the safety and quietness of you all, I will not spare, if need be, to spend my blood." On seeing a figure of Time she remarked, "And Time hath brought me hither." Truth, the daughter of Time, presented the Queen with a Bible, which she promised to read, kissing the book and holding it to her breast. At St. Paul's School, of course, a boy "pronounced a certain oration in Latin," beginning "Philosophus ille divinus Plato," from which the rest may be guessed. At Ludgate the forefront of the gate was "finis

trimmed up against her Majesty's coming." At Temple Bar she bade farewell to the City with great ceremony and amid showers of Latin and English verses, and "a noyse of singing children." It was observed that "a branch of rosemary given to her grace with a supplication by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge was seen in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster." In Cornhill, "at the nether end," close to where the Mansion House now stands, one of her attendants espied "an auncient Citizen, whiche wepte." The gentleman observed, "Yonder is an Alderman, which weepeth and turneth his face backwards." The Queen heard him, and straightway replied, "I warrant you it is for gladness." The writer goes on in charming old English to explain that it was well known that "the partie's cheare was moved for verye pure gladnes," and that, beholding her Majesty's person, "he took such comfort that with tears he expressed the same."

The next queen in her own right was Mary II., the wife of William III. A second throne and crown had to be made for their coronation, and the Queen is said to have told "the Lady Anne," her sister, that a crown was not so heavy to bear as it seemed. But we do not hear of any very great procession until the following year, when the King and Queen visited the City on Lord Mayor's Day, and beheld with great satisfaction "the magnificence and curious embellishments of the several pageants." Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Monmouth, afterwards so celebrated as Lord Peterborough, commanded a regiment of horse Volunteers on the occasion. A few days after some "malicious and impotent enemy" despoiled the King's portrait of its crown and sceptre, and the City authorities in vain offered a reward of 500*l.* for the apprehension of the offender. Queen Anne also visited the City in great state and attended a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's after one of Marlborough's victories. It is often said that a little gallery in the tower of St. Mary le Bow represents one from which former queens had witnessed tournaments in Cheap, and was built for the convenience of Queen Anne when she saw a Lord Mayor's Show. From that time to the time of Queen Victoria there was no reigning queen in England; and the celebration of Tuesday is further remarkable because it was the first which marked the jubilee of a queen. The Empress Matilda, Elizabeth of York, and Lady Jane can hardly be said to have reigned. Queen Mary was less than six years on the throne; but Elizabeth, with her forty-four years and five months, more nearly attained a jubilee. Queen Mary Stuart, like Queen Mary Tudor, did not reign, even nominally, for six years; and Queen Anne only twelve years and a half. The fifty years have, therefore, never before been attained by a queen; and only by Henry III., Edward III., and George III. among our kings. We do not hear of any special rejoicings, either in 1266 or in 1376; and the Jubilee of George III. in 1809 was obscured by the impending affliction which had begun to show itself again, and which seized him finally in the following year.

Such rejoicings, therefore, as those of Tuesday have never been witnessed before in our country. If anything had been wanting to the magnificence of the procession, it would have been more than supplied by the presence of so many crowned heads and heirs-apparent from all parts of the world, and, above all, by the escort of princes of the blood who preceded the carriage of the Queen on horseback. People who have seen many shows declare that in this respect alone the procession of Tuesday would have excelled them all. There is often an air of unreality, of mere pageantry, about a procession, but the reality of this one was immensely enhanced by the sight of so many historical personages, none being seen with greater satisfaction than the heroic Crown Prince of Germany, bearing his bâton. It could hardly have been guessed beforehand that Her Majesty's sons, grandsons, sons-in-law, and grandsons-in-law could amount to such a goodly company—sixteen in all—taking their places in the cavalcade. Queen Victoria, strange to say, alone of our reigning queens, has been a mother and a queen at the same time. The two Marys were childless. Queen Anne had lost her last son before she ascended the throne. For Queen Victoria, therefore, it has been reserved to see children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren about her.

A-CHASING THE WILD DEER.

THE MS. 7615 in the Arsenal Library in Paris contains a rhymed and a prose version of *La Chace dou Cerf*, one of those primitive, clumsy hunting-pieces which were so popular some five or six centuries since. It is in the form of a dialogue—which is chiefly monologue—between a teacher of high ventry and a master of hounds, who is profuse in his compliments and humility, calling his instructor *biau Sire*, while he is only gratified with the title of *biau dous amis* by that personage. It opens by a short glorification of dogs and hawks, and a lament that many a man carries a hawk or a merlin on fist who gives little real care to the noble bird itself:—

Tex (tels) i a qui aimment faucons
Espriviers et esmerillons;
Mes (mais) tex les porte sor son poig
Qui au cuer en a pou de soig.

Then follows the treatment of the staghounds, which in winter-time were used for boar-hunting. Before Lent they were taken off and cared for, and given a rest; but if during that lean season

the ground proved dry and firm by any chance, they were not to be denied a hare—for there was no fast on the dogs—to mend their wind by exercise, and to sharpen their nose; and when the trees are feathering, and spring is drawing on, then take your dogs, and so away whither you fancy best for meeting with a deer, to give them the offal and flesh them. They were brought on to where, by report, a stag should be hidden—*honniz* is the term, not often found in this, perhaps the original sense:—

La ou tu cuides, par avis,
Que li serf doie estre honniz.

There is no need to point this connexion between *ahide* and *ashamed*, but it seems to have escaped etymologists. The stag to follow is to be chosen by the foot and other marks; a big sponge (*esponde*) and broad heel no man should refuse, and if the spurs or ergots (*os*) show also big and broad, you must be mad to let him go. Still, for breaking in the dogs, a young stag was perhaps better, if one could be singled out, for the winter would have weakened him more than an old one. Draw and find with your lime-hound—the *limier* was always held in leash, and never gave tongue, being doubtless the ancestor of our lurchers—and then put on the best dogs; but have a care that all your dogs are in at the death. Four runs were enough to get the dogs in trim for the venison season, which began on Lady Day, old style, of course. Then the huntsman should bid word to his lord that he had only to signify his commands when and where he desired to have sport, and thus he will be held up as a pattern, *por bon veneour*. "Tell me now," says this humble model, "I pray you, if you will, and it please you, how featly I may open the season, for I have a great talent"—just the middle-English sense—"to hear all that." First, he was to rise very early, and take with him a leash-hound, and lead him round about the covert until the elot was struck; that of an old stag, if possible, being selected, for they are fat and heavy and better value than the young ones at this season. This was followed towards his hold by the branches and twigs broken off by the stag in his passage, and then the huntsman should withdraw, and cautiously take the bearings that will enable him to find his way there again. Then straight back with the good news, and when he sees his lord mount his horse, he too should be ready to mount instantly, and so return to where the stag is embossed. Then he gives his dog to hold, dismounts, and gets forward with all speed, and if your sire desires to go along with his huntsman to find, you must take pains to show him all you have already done, for he will thus take to the sport all the more, and therefore don't be niggardly of explanations of all that you observe. Then wind on the horn one long note; all are joyed to hear it, even the dogs, for it is the signal to push them forward—

Et puis juppe ou corne i. lone mot:
Chaucuns en a joie qui l'ot (ouit),
Nes li chien joie en aurent.

This is too low for a high praise of the horn, and falls short of the Northern enthusiasm for John Peel's; in fact such anonymous *dis* as this *Chace* were by no means the work of eminent hands. Then must the field be orderly; no one budge, and no dog bark, for the huntsman now goes forward till the harder pulling of the leash-hound and the trampled soil tell him of the close neighbourhood of the deer's lair, which he passes by, as the dog has been trained to do; and then the dog is tied up to a branch, while the huntsman blows the *apel*, three long notes to have the dogs, for now 'tis their business. Lend a hand to uncouple them, and slip the best first, and as many of them as you judge right. Mount as rapidly as may be, and spare not to speak to the dogs until they be well laid on to the chase, and then wind bravely your three *menées*, and away—

Et tes .iij. menées feras
Trestout au mieus que tu porras.

Talk still to the dogs, and give your mind to it, loud and clear, with a long wind; and stick close to them, and at a pace. Fear nor hill nor dale, nor sturdy wood that does you hurt, but ride, wind, and follow. "Wind well, Lion, good hunter," till the valleys re-echo and the hanging woods ring again:—

Que retantisse li bos haut,
Et les valees en bondissent.

When the stag comes to a clearing, he is apt to double back on himself; and so too the huntsman must then turn the whole pack, sounding two *menées* for the re-quest, whence doubtless our saying "to make a cast." We hear nothing of the whip or its crop; but in those days they handled a stick, either peeled or with the bark on, which was called an *estortoire*, *restortoire*, or *destournaire*; or an arrow was carried—for all the varlets had their bows—and it served to guard the face in riding through timber, as well as to rally the dogs and point them the way. The practice may come from the East, where greyhounds are stopped by casting a wand ahead of them. The effect of the first throw of your stick at an intelligent, independent young dog (wait till his back is turned) who pays no attention to what you say, because he thinks himself at a safe distance, is in fact somewhat wonderful. It straightway opens his mind to a view of your long-armedness which never struck him before. The Mid-German shepherds are singularly expert in slinging small clods at their idling dogs off the flat blade of the crook. The *estortoire* is now brought into play, and you are to slap your boot with it—*fier ta huée*—and *hue sus*, cry on the dogs that fall out; and follow, follow, follow, and chase with horn and with holla; and, if the stag gives you a view, wind four long notes—*iiij.*

lons mos, et chasse sus. Don't lose your head in green wood, nor yell at your hounds, nor be silent either; but speak handsomely to them. If the stag takes to the open, the dogs will keep all the better together; and, if he has crossed water, put on the dogs above and below, so they cannot fail to hit off the scent, and don't grudge them your tallyho:—

Et lor dois dire assez, non po (pen),
Ra, ra, ra, ra, tabo, tabo.

The number of words that a proud dictionary-maker thinks beneath his notice often give us pause; Littré may be searched in vain for *tayaut*, and Skeat for *tallyho*; but an almost nameless petty philosopher of the last century—one Pluche, in his *Histoire du Ciel*—opines *tayaut*, *thaaat*, or *taaut*, to be a survival of the Egyptian dog-headed Thoth or Tahuti—a far cry and a long shot, truly; but we are now hunting not words but the stag. When he makes his stand, and is at bay, wind four slow notes, to have up the valets and the backward hounds. Then run in and hamstring your quarry, and when the dogs have pulled him down, pierce the marrow between the horns and the neck with a short knife, wind the *mort*, and take the dogs to drink, for they will be in sore need of it.

Lastly comes the butcher's part, which must be cut short. The valets turned the stag over, and the first thing done was to get the horns off, and next the skin; then the shoulders were raised, and so on, not forgetting the nubile, old-English numbels, which gave us our umble-pie (Skeat is again vain). They were the undercut of the haunch, and were the huntsman's perquisite, with the shoulders and the hide; the neck went to the valets. Two or three odd old superstitions about the stag's inards, including the stone or bone of the heart, must be skipped; and when the venoison was packed up on the horses, strictly by rule, came the paunching of the dogs, which clearly was a very rough proceeding in those far-back days, and is slurred over by the poet; fuller, if not later, rules must be sought in the *Livre du roi Modus*. The cry "Apele! apele!" put an end to the dog's curée or cuirée, for it was given in the leather or deerskin; a draught of wine all round for the hunt, if wine had been brought along; and then to horse, and wind the *prise* (this should never be omitted); and when you near home, "*quand de l'ostel seroiz pres*," be careful to sound two *menées*. And so "*explicit la Chasse dou Ser*," a spelling which proves the pronunciation, and the practical part of the old subject.

But if we take a leap over into Italy and the sixteenth century much curious booklore about the stag and his hunting may be had from old Pierius, whose real name was Giovanni Pietro di Belluno, and who wrote that immense and diverting folio, the *Hieroglyphica*. Pollio, the chamber-fellow of Pierius in the Pope's household, must have been good company; he told his chum a long tale founded upon a line in the Georgics, of how in his youth he chased the stag in his native Sicily by tying bunches of scarlet feathers to a cord stretched along a line of poles, towards which the beaters and the leash-hounds and baying-hounds drove the game. As soon as the deer saw the feathers "*waving in the breeze*," they stopped short in a great panic, and were picked off by the gentlemen-archers hidden in the leafy bower round about. But this mode was all too needlessly complicated, if we are to credit another tale, founded apparently on an Egyptian painting, that a stag could always be coaxed up near you by tootling on a shepherd's pipe, and then you easily transfixed him with some weapon or other, of which he little recked. Then we all know that the stag is pusillanimous, and that is because he is, like Octavia, of a cold conversation. The softness of his big round tears prove this, while the tears wept by the wild-boar are salt, because of his great heat. So Lucretius; but the Christian doctors have held, on the other hand, that his natural heat brings him to take a singular pleasure in looking into the water of a spring, or eating the coldest animals which crawl upon the earth, such as vipers, for example, on which he makes war, forcing them out of their crevices, as the same Lucretius hath it, with the breath of his nostrils, and worrying them with his teeth. And that again explains why the perfume of hartshorn was sovereign for waking snakes. For stags, after all, are a very clever set. Ptolemy Philadelphus knew a stag that understood Greek, and they are well aware that if they eat serpents the venom fortifies and prolongs their youth, as Pierius says, Tertullian was free to maintain. And that is why they are in the constant habit of living beyond three hundred years, some more some less, to be quite accurate. But how is this to be reconciled with the further well-known fact that, if a stag meets with a viper, he incontinently taketh to his heels? But, as Grimm winds up one of the delightful tales—now open the window and let these lies out.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

THE illuminations on Tuesday night may be considered under two aspects—firstly, as a national demonstration in honour of the Queen, and in this they were pre-eminently successful; and secondly, in a purely artistic sense, and here they must be said to have fallen far short of what is seen abroad even in comparatively small towns on occasions of public rejoicings. There are reasons for this, not the least of which is that, from one cause and another, we are wholly inexperienced in the art of illumination.

We have no traditions in the matter to fall back upon, and the majority seem under the impression that, unless they spend a great deal of money, they cannot do anything in the way of illumination worth seeing. Therefore not a few abstain altogether from attempting what they fear is beyond their means. It is to be regretted that this erroneous idea was not dispelled, and that people were not made to know that they could produce an effective display at a very small cost. From the dome of St. Paul's the scene of London illuminated was one not likely to be forgotten. The extension in all directions of the illuminations, stretching far out into the suburbs, the broken outline of the City traced in lines of fire, the reflections in the waters of the Thames, the Rembrandt-like effects of light and shade, all combined to produce a scene of unrivalled splendour, increased by the fact that on every hill glowed the beacon fires backed by repeated discharges of rockets. All this formed a scene at once so weird and picturesque that it can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to behold it. Where we sinned on Tuesday night was in detail. Hundreds of pounds must have been spent in Grosvenor Square alone, but in a purely artistic sense, with no exceptional result. Had the inhabitants of this or other squares and streets contracted for their decorations and illuminations with some skilled artist, they would have spent much less money, and produced a far greater effect. As an instance we will take the square above mentioned. One house had an immense transparency, well executed, representing Windsor Castle; but, instead of being in the centre of the block of houses, and surrounded by symmetrical decorations, it was on one side. Next it was a house without a single light, whilst its immediate neighbour glowed with elaborately arranged gas jets. Then came one with an immense "V. R."; next, a house bedecked with Chinese lanterns, followed by one with candles placed effectively in every window. Everything was irregular and of a patchwork description, whilst the trees in the square itself—unlike, by the way, those in St. James's Square, which sparkled with lights—were dark and gloomy. Had Italians organized this illumination, in all probability their first thought would have been to have arranged round the palings of the square glowing torches filled with coloured fire. There is no question that gas is not well adapted for purposes of illumination. The glare is too great, and the least breath of wind blows the design out of shape. Electricity proved itself to be by far the most effective illuminant yet introduced, and when veiled with coloured glass the brilliance and steadiness of its glow is perfect. But nothing produces a more picturesque effect than Chinese lanterns, so dear to the hearts of Orientals and Italians, and had some of the streets been profusely strung from window to window with garlands of them, as is the custom in Italy when there is a festa of the Madonna, there is no doubt that these streets would have taken the palm over thoroughfares which cost many thousands of pounds to illuminate. Then, again, we place our lights too low down. Very few people arrange them above the second floor, while most of them are shown on the first story only. The lights should be arranged as much as possible in the upper stories, as at the Grand Hotel, for instance, which, illuminated from top to bottom with coloured lights, every one of its many windows being limed in fire, appeared from a distance like an enchanted palace. In Bond Street a single arch of electric light, from the Grosvenor Gallery installation, actually made a greater impression than the elaborate façades of most of the great shops in this rich street. The Army and Navy Club, illuminated like the Grand Hotel, seen from the Park, proved most attractive. The inexplicable and indefensible neglect to illuminate the public monuments, notably the National Gallery, was a subject of bitter comment; for, however magnificent Trafalgar Square might otherwise have been, the black walls of the building which occupies one whole side entirely destroyed the effect. That the City surpassed the West-End in the elaboration of its illuminations, was in a great measure due to the fact that the whole contract was given to a firm who had *carte blanche* to do as they thought fit, and throughout they aimed at uniformity. Nothing could be more brilliant or in better taste than the scheme of illumination carried out at the Bank, Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange, which, wreathed in fire, produced an impression of grandeur. The myriads of lights covering the walls of the Bank, the columns of the Exchange transformed into spires of fire, and the whole group of the Mansion House, glittering as with countless fiery precious stones, was truly imposing. Here a deliberate plan of illumination was organized beforehand and perfectly carried out.

Let us, in conclusion, picture to our imagination what the illuminations for such an occasion could have been made with proper and systematic arrangement. In the first place, the dome of St. Paul's and the spires of all the churches and public buildings should have been wreathed with lights like those used in Rome, which are not in the least degree dangerous, consisting of small pans filled with a burning preparation which lasts about three hours. The bridges should also have been picked out in the same manner, whilst the line of the Embankment should have been marked by torches burning coloured lights. The trees in the parks, avenues, &c., would have glittered with fire fruits and flowers, whilst one and all of the great public buildings should have been illuminated on the same scale and principle as the City group above mentioned. Again, the humbler houses would have added greatly to the general effect had they simply placed a solitary candle in each window. These fine things, however, probably can only be done efficiently in less fickle climates, and

in countries where for centuries the art of illumination has been thoroughly studied, and has entered into the national life of the people. But, as it was, London illuminated will long remain in the minds of those who beheld it under the soft influence of a summer's night, for clearness worthy of Italy. It was not very artistic, this illumination of ours, but it was very cordial. With practice, which always makes perfect, we may yet succeed in rivalling our neighbours in France even in the matter of street decoration and illumination.

COUCY-LE-CHÂTEAU.

ON the east side of the valley of the Lette, a small stream which flows into the Oise a few miles above Noyon, the uniformity of the boundary hills is broken by a picturesque spur which projects itself forward in a westerly direction, so as to command the whole valley. The height of this spur is not more than one hundred and sixty feet, and the area is not considerable; but it is easy to see what a strong position it offered to those who wished either to protect or to ravage the rich champaign at its feet. It was a foregone conclusion that a castle of some sort would be built upon it; the accident of its falling, at a critical moment, into the possession of a chieftain of vast wealth and unlimited ambition caused it to become the site of what Viollet-le-Duc hardly exaggerates in calling "the most striking mediæval military construction in Europe." Other castles may easily be cited of larger size, of more commanding position, and of greater architectural beauty; but none that we are acquainted with still bears so distinctly the character impressed upon it at its first construction, undisfigured by later alteration; none speaks so eloquently of the intentions with which its massive walls were raised.

The site of Coucy is said to have been given by Clovis to St. Remi. At any rate, it belonged for nearly two centuries to the Chapter of Rheims. When they lost it, in the latter half of the eleventh century, it fell into the hands of an Enguerrand, the founder of the family, who held it until 1400. This chieftain, styled subsequently Enguerrand I., was a distinguished Crusader, as also were his two immediate successors, Enguerrand II. and Raoul I. This latter, who was killed at St. Jean d'Acre in 1194, increased his wealth and influence by two rich marriages—an example which his descendants were not loth to follow, and to which much of the authority of the lords of Coucy in subsequent years is to be ascribed. By his second wife he became cousin-german to Philip Augustus—a circumstance probably not without its influence on his son Enguerrand III., who was a boy when his father died. We do not know under what influence the young soldier grew up; but almost before he could have reached man's estate his turbulent, ambitious spirit involved him in a quarrel with the Chapter of Rheims. The Archbishop appealed for protection to Philip Augustus; but that prince, anxious to combine civility to his young kinsman with a snub to a body of ecclesiastics who had shortly before refused a petition of his own for money, contented himself with replying, "Je ne puis faire autre chose pour vous que de prier le sire de Coucy de ne point vous inquiéter," and the desired tranquillity was probably purchased by the cession of some rich fief. Encouraged by the success of his resistance to the most powerful ecclesiastical corporation in his neighbourhood, Enguerrand presently engaged in a similar quarrel with the Chapter of Laon. He entered the city at the head of a band of armed retainers, forced the doors of the cathedral, seized the person of the dean, and held him for some months a prisoner at Coucy. No wonder that the clergy denounced him as the minister of Antichrist. But he was not merely remarkable as a fearless assertor of his own rights; he was distinguished as a soldier in the expedition against the Albigenses in 1209, and at the battle of Bouvines in 1214; in fact, so far as we can base an estimate of his character on the few isolated facts that have come down to us, he was a French Hotspur, a man of untiring energy, great personal bravery, and of an eager, restless ambition which knew no limits. His paternal wealth had been increased by a long minority and by three rich marriages. When he reached middle life he was probably the most powerful subject in North-Eastern France. It is not, therefore, surprising that, when the reign of Philip Augustus was drawing to a close, he should have conceived, for a moment at least, the idea that he might one day become king himself. It is said that he kept a crown of gold and other royal ornaments at Coucy, in which he loved to display himself before his favourites. But the minority of St. Louis was so jealously guarded by the Queen-Mother, Blanche of Castile, that Enguerrand never seems to have had an opportunity for even showing his hand. An indelible record of his intentions, however, has been preserved in the massive walls of Coucy, which he rebuilt, together with the walls and gates of the town, between 1225 and 1230, while his ambitious schemes were ripening. Nor is it hard to conceive that, when he saw that he had failed, he consoled himself with the reflection that his splendid castle was at least his, and uttered, with pardonable self-complacency, the words which afterwards became the motto of his house:—

Roi ne suis,
Ne prince, ne duc, ne comte aussi;
Je suis le sire de Coucy.

Enguerrand III. died prosaically, of a fall from his horse, in

1242. His successors did little but transmit his inheritance and his name from father to son with praiseworthy regularity until 1397, when Enguerrand VII., who seems to have inherited some of the fire of his great ancestor, died in Bithynia, a prisoner in the hands of Bajazet. He had resided for some years in England, and married Isabella, second daughter of Edward III., but he left no son, and in 1400 his daughter sold Coucy to Louis d'Orléans, brother to Charles VI. Louis greatly embellished the castle, but there is no evidence that he made any material change in the original work of the founder. Coucy remained as he left it until 1652, when it was dismantled during the wars of the Fronde, by order of Mazarin. From that day until a few years ago, when it was saved from further destruction by being classed among the *monuments historiques* of France, it was used as a convenient quarry by the neighbours. After more than two centuries of this treatment it is wonderful that so much still remains.

The castle occupies the western extremity of the hill—an irregular parallelogram of about ten thousand square yards in extent. Before the castle is an extensive court or "bailey," separating it from the little town of Coucy—which probably grew up gradually out of the residences of those whom the presence of the great castle rendered necessary. The walls of the latter are so arranged that no piece of ground, however small, is wasted; no coign of vantage is offered to an assailant. These walls, with their five flanking towers, are still standing, with the loss of only a few feet of their original height. Abutting upon them were the principal buildings. The appearance of these has fortunately been preserved for us by Androuet du Cerceau, whose work, *Les plus excellents bastimens de France*, was published in 1566; and the accuracy of his ground-plans and drawings has been confirmed by recent excavations. On the west was the great dining-hall, called the Salle des Neuf Preux, from the east side of which the chapel projected into the inner court; on the north were the private apartments of the lord and lady, communicating, as usual, with the dais of the great dining-hall. The largest of these apartments was called the Salle des Neuf Preuses, because the chimney-piece bore the statues of those nine heroines in relief above it. On this side is a delicious boudoir, carved out of the thickness of the outer wall, which there measures eighteen feet, with the delicate vaulting of its roof still unbroken. Its windows command the most beautiful view in the valley—that in the direction of Noyon. On the east side were the offices and the guard-rooms. Most of these buildings were probably added by Louis d'Orléans after 1400. Their style is of that period; and the chimney-piece in the Salle des Preuses bore the fleur-de-lys. It is probable, however, that they were raised on the foundation of older ones built by Enguerrand when comfort had to give way to security.

The northern side of the court, that next to the "bailey," was defended by a deep dry fosse, crossed by a bridge, defended by three guard-houses placed one behind the other. A little to the west of these stands the chief glory of Coucy, the enormous keep. It is a cylindrical tower of stone, 206 feet high, and 100 feet in diameter, with even its topmost cornice and range of great stone brackets, on which rested the wooden hoardings which were added in time of war for the protection of the defenders, still unbroken. The mere enumeration of feet gives but a poor idea of size, and the dimensions of the keep of Coucy are so unusual that it is difficult to find any well-known buildings with which to compare them. Some idea of its vastness may, however, be realized if we state that it is half as high again as the Nelson column, and that its diameter just equals that of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This gigantic watch-tower—set as it is on a hill to begin with—commands the country for a circuit of at least twenty miles. Not only did it enable the lord of Coucy to discern an approaching foe, but it proclaimed, in a silent language that could not be misunderstood, the terrible strength of the chieftain who dwelt under its shadow. The man who had vassals to build it, and defend it, was not to be rashly interfered with. Some such tower as this, if not this very one, may have suggested the magnificent description which Victor Hugo gives in *Les Burgraves* of the aged outlaw, who,

Isolé, foudroyé, reprouvé, mais resté
Debout dans sa montagne et dans sa volonté,
Poursuit, provoque et bat, sans relâche et sans trêves,
Le Comte palatin, l'Archevêque de Trèves,
Et depuis soixante ans repousse d'un pied sûr
L'échelle de l'empire appliquée à son mur.

The keep was placed, as we have seen, on the side of the castle next to the outer court, where the defences were weakest, as the natural position of the castle could not be in any way utilized to strengthen them. It was protected by a separate curtain-wall of great thickness, outside of which ran a subterranean passage, for the purpose of intercepting and defeating any attempt at mines. Between the curtain and the keep is a deep dry fosse, paved with flags, and spanned on the side next the court by one narrow draw-bridge. This having been drawn up, the keep was completely isolated, except for the secret underground passages by which communication was assured with the rest of the castle and with the outside. It, therefore, provided not merely a last retreat, but also a means of escape. In the tympanum of the arch above the drawbridge was sculptured, according to Du Cerceau, the famous legend of the combat between a Sire de Coucy and a lion whom he had encountered in the neighbouring wood of Prémontré; and near it stood a stone table, supported on three lions couchant, and bearing a figure of a lion passant, on which, once in every year, a representative of the neighbouring peasantry

took his stand, and distributed fruit and cakes to the inhabitants of the castle, in memory of this achievement.

But wonderful as is the exterior, it is equalled, if not surpassed, by the interior. The massiveness of its original construction—the walls are twenty-three feet thick at the base—fortunately defeated the efforts of Mazarin's engineer to blow it up; and even after the Revolution a patriotic mayor of Coucy had the courage to interpose when its destruction was again threatened. The interior was divided by stone floors—traces of which still remain—into three halls. In the two lowest were probably stored the arms and provisions necessary for the garrison; the uppermost could on occasion be used as a general meeting-place. The cylindrical space is divided by piers into twelve bays, in each of which, at about ten feet above the floor, was a gallery of wood. These galleries were connected by a passage contrived in the thickness of the wall, so that, in fact, a continuous gallery ran round the entire hall, without encroaching on the central space. By this expedient 1,000 men could easily be assembled at one time to receive the orders of their chief. For safety's sake only two windows were pierced in the outer wall; but a flood of light could be admitted through the great central aperture with which the keystone of the vault was pierced. Above this, again, was the upper platform, with the wooden hoardings above-mentioned. The recent restoration of this platform enables a visitor to study at his leisure the relation of the keep to the rest of the castle. It is quite certain, we think, that these lofty towers, the use of which was universal in French castles, must have been intended, at any rate at the beginning of a siege, as a central station from which all that was going forward within or without could be observed, and orders instantly transmitted by signal or by messenger. Their great height, and their distance from the outer walls, would render them useless for purposes of actual defence until the enemy had reached the inner court.

LEO XIII. AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

IT is barely thirty-seven years since all England was ringing with the "No Popery" hubbub which, in the words of the *Greville Memoirs*, was running its course furiously over the length and breadth of the land, the more furiously perhaps because—as on an historical occasion of earlier date—the greater part of the virtuous agitators knew not wherefore they had come together. The general assumption however was that the two exalted potentates chiefly concerned, or supposed to be concerned, in the quarrel, the Pope and the Queen of England, were arrayed in hostility against each other, and British loyalty and British Protestantism were alike up in arms. "Popery," as the phrase ran, "was no Englishman," or as Mr. Greville characteristically expresses it, "John Bull had got the bit in his mouth, and the Devil could not stop him." The equally conspicuous unwisdom of Cardinal Wiseman's Flaminian pastoral and Lord John Russell's Durham Letter conspired to fan the flame, and, in spite of a loyal address to the Queen drawn up by the former—too late for its purpose—and signed by the leading Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen in the kingdom, the "disgusting and humiliating manifestation" went on unchecked. Mr. Greville, who was likely to know, says that the Queen took a great interest in the matter, but disapproved of Lord John's Letter. It is likely enough that Pius IX., though not remarkable for statesmanship, did not greatly appreciate the bombasticrodomontade of his new Archbishop. Pope and Queen were however in public estimation pitted against each other as rival powers, and the religious press, both Catholic and Protestant, raved wildly against their respective claims. On the one side the Papal bishops were denounced as impostors and almost rebels, on the other side the *Tablet* carefully explained to its readers that the then Primate of all England was in reality neither prelate, ecclesiastic, nor doctor, and could pretend to no higher rank or title than that of "the Right Honourable Mr. Sumner, Her Majesty's Superintendent of Religion for the Canterbury district." Your chance companion in a railway carriage or your next neighbour at a dinner party would often open fire on the abominations of the Scarlet Lady, and there were occasions, as was natural, when a fervent Roman proselyte found himself the amused recipient of these too frank confidences. It was hardly to be expected, amid a brisk interchange of these amenities, public and private, that any very friendly spirit would grow up between the rival Communions and their leading representatives. Both Pius IX. and Queen Victoria might be reasonably credited with a more sensible view of the situation than too many of their subjects, spiritual or temporal, but it was not quite the moment for establishing any very cordial relations between them. And a laudable attempt made by the British Government only two years before the outbreak of "the hubbub" to restore diplomatic relations between England and Rome—which must have effectually averted all danger of such a complication—had unfortunately failed through the obstinate persistence of an obstructive and fanatical clique in clogging the measure with designedly impossible conditions. It was a noticeable feature of the agitation that among statesmen and men of judgment and good sense those alone showed any sympathy with it who, like the late Lord Clarendon, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had experienced the bitter and unscrupulous hostility of the Irish Catholic clergy, in spite of all efforts to conciliate them.

Such was the state of relations between Pope and Queen and

the state of feeling prevalent among the great body of Englishmen towards the Church of Rome between thirty and forty years ago. And we recall it just now, simply in order to emphasize the happy contrast presented in this year of Jubilee, when from no European Sovereign has Her Majesty received happier or more studiously marked and courteous felicitations than from Leo XIII., which on her part have been no less cordially welcomed. Considering the strained relations which have too long existed between the Courts of England and of the Vatican, and the cold politeness with which the latter has usually been accustomed to treat Protestant sovereigns, it is a fact of some significance that the Pope should have seized the occasion of offering his official congratulations to Her Majesty in any form. There was no precedent to guide him, for when in October 1809 George III. went in state to St. Paul's to return thanks at the opening of the fiftieth year of his reign, Pius VII., whatever might be his wishes, was in no position to send any embassy to England. He had a few months before been first deprived of his dominions, and then imprisoned, by Napoleon Bonaparte. But in fact Leo XIII. has done much more than merely offer his congratulations. He has taken all pains to mark unmistakably by outward act at once his desire to pay honour to the high personal merits of the Queen, and his grateful acknowledgment of the justice and protection which the Roman Catholic Church has uniformly enjoyed during her reign throughout the vast extent of her dominions. He sends as his present a mosaic, said to be one of the finest and costliest ever executed at Rome, copied from Raphael's famous representation of Poetry in the Vatican frescoes, and he has chosen as Envoy Extraordinary to carry it Monsignor Ruffo Scilla, a prelate of princely rank, who has just been appointed to the nunciature at Munich, which means of course that he is eventually destined for the cardinalate. Still more significant is another step he has taken in spite of the perverse misconstruction of a morning paper the other day. His Holiness directed that a special Mass and *Te Deum* for the Queen should be solemnized in all the churches under his jurisdiction in England, the principal one being celebrated with every circumstance of ceremonial splendour at the Pro-Cathedral of the Westminster arch-diocese by the Papal Envoy in presence of Cardinal Manning, who, while otherwise assigning the place of honour in the function to his illustrious guest, reserved his privilege "as an Englishman" himself to intone the solemn *Te Deum*. More the Pope could not have done for a Roman Catholic Sovereign. There is something no doubt of a personal feeling to be traced in the Pope's procedure. When he was Nuncio at Brussels many years ago, in the early period of Her Majesty's reign, he more than once met her during her visits with the Prince Consort to the King of the Belgians, and by her express invitation he afterwards visited her at Windsor. It was natural therefore that his Holiness should take a friendly interest in England and in Queen Victoria, and both natural and fitting that he should give expression to it in such a manner as the present. But the public acts of personages in high official position cannot have a purely personal explanation, and Leo XIII. possesses a larger measure of statesmanlike instinct and capacity than is common with ecclesiastical rulers, especially of his devout and unworldly type of mind. It is the first time for more than two centuries that a Papal Envoy has visited the English Court, and we may be sure that he is sent with a purpose.

That purpose, as we have said, is partly a personal one, and the Queen has shown that she appreciates it as such. But that it has further meanings also might be inferred if only from the announcement in last Tuesday's *Times* that a Papal delegate—to whom Archbishop Walsh will of course have to succumb—is to be despatched to Ireland to inquire into the attitude of the native hierarchy and clergy, which does not appear to His Holiness to be satisfactory. To send an Envoy Extraordinary to bear his gift and his congratulations to the Queen on her Jubilee was in itself a pretty significant hint of his disapproval of the line taken by the Irish Nationalists. The Parnellite M.P.'s, as we all know, resolved with one consent ostentatiously to absent themselves from the Thanksgiving at the Abbey, not certainly from any religious scruple—they would smile themselves at the irony of such a suggestion—or they might have attended, as the Catholic peers did, but they did not, the Papal function at the Pro-Cathedral; there is but one English Roman Catholic member besides the Home Secretary who is a loyalist, and he of course was in his place in the Abbey. But moreover in some parts of Ireland the Nationalists, not content with insolently refusing to join their fellow-subjects in honouring the Queen, hung out black flags on the Thanksgiving Day, as the extreme papalists in Italy used to do on the feast of the *Statuto*. This is the sort of conduct the Pope by his recent action has tacitly but eloquently condemned. He has shown, and has evidently intended to show—what indeed was already well known—that in the existing contest his sympathies are with England and not with her rebellious subjects. But we can hardly err in conceiving that he wished also to indicate his desire of drawing closer the bonds of sympathy by a renewal of diplomatic intercourse, which would in different ways importantly subserve the interests of both parties concerned. And his act is in truth something beyond the mere indicating a wish. In accrediting an Envoy to the Queen of England he has taken a step in advance—that "first step" which according to the familiar proverb means so much—and may thus be said to have broken the ice. For the difficulty, as we have before pointed out, is not one of legislation—that is already removed—but of sentiment,

custom, prejudice, etiquette. And in dealing with such difficulties to make a beginning is half the battle. The public and honourable reception by the Queen of Monsignor Ruffo Scilla, as the commissioned bearer of the friendly gifts and messages of the Pope, in itself marks and constitutes a new departure in the relations between England and the Vatican. And it is not perhaps too much to say that it also marks, and in a sense commemorates, a change in the normal attitude of rival religionists towards one another. What has been termed "a better management of our differences" is not indeed by any means the same thing as getting rid of them, but it is a step in the right direction, and is meanwhile in itself a clear advantage. Those who are old enough to remember the "Papal Aggression" scare, to which we referred just now, and have noted the very different place held e.g. in public estimation and confidence by Cardinal Wiseman then, and by his present successor, and have considered all that it implies, will be able to measure the extent and benefit of the change. On the Roman side nothing has so largely contributed of late years to that result as the conciliatory temper and policy of Leo XIII. It has won for him a moral triumph in Germany, which is the more valuable and the likelier to be permanent because it is not won at the expense of those who were formerly opposed to him, and it has in a somewhat different manner had an effect, which we may hope will prove permanent, in England. It appears that an Italian pamphlet has just been published at Rome by the Rev. R. Belaney, who is said to enjoy the confidence of the Vatican, strongly advocating the establishment of diplomatic intercourse and partly as a means of controlling the political vagaries of Irish and colonial bishops under the Roman See. Mr. Belaney points out that there are 130 bishops and over 20,000 priests in the British Empire; there are in fact 142 episcopal sees or vicariates, that is nearly a sixth of the entire Papal hierarchy in the world. It is clear therefore that England is *inter alia* a great Roman Catholic power, and directly interested, as such, in the action of the Papacy.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

A CONVERSATION which took place in the House of Lords on Friday week has real importance in connexion with the agitation for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, to which Mr. Gladstone has now made himself a party. In Committee on the Pluralities Act Amendment Act (1885) Amendment Bill, Lord Cross moved an amendment providing that where one Welsh full service is provided no additional one shall be enforced, unless on the report of a Commission appointed under the Pluralities Amendment Act. The amendment was carried. Most of the lay speakers and one of the Bishops—the Bishop of Lichfield—urged that the chief support of the Established Church in Wales lay among the English-speaking part of the population of the Principality, and insisted very truly that their feelings and interests ought to be kept carefully in view. It is probable that in the course of another generation the English-speaking inhabitants of Wales will be co-extensive with the whole population. But a great many things may happen before another generation has passed away. The universal diffusion of the English language in the Principality is desirable on every ground of utility. But language is a matter of sentiment as well as of utility, and there is no subject on which a people or a race is more sensitive than the respect shown to its mother-tongue. Even where, by the operation of natural causes, it is dying out, every attention should be shown to the moribund speech. No suspicion should be countenanced of any wish to put it out of its misery. When a language has ceased to be that of the streets, the market-place, and the newspapers, it sometimes remains for an indefinitely longer time the idiom of the home and the church, of domestic affection and of worship, and attempts by what may be invidiously represented as a foreign agency to extinguish it may, in circumstances not very remote from the present, have a mischievous effect. There are some Huguenot congregations who, though their members are at least as English as M. Waddington or M. Wilson is French, still cling to their old tongue in worship; and in some parts of Germany the same phenomenon is observable. In Wales important social and political considerations interpose. The Bishop of Bangor's suggestion that the same service should be partly in English and partly in Welsh does not seem a very reasonable one. The change of language, even to those who understand both tongues, must interrupt the continuity of thought and sentiment, and in other cases a service one half of which alone is intelligible will scarcely retain its religious character in the other half. The attachment of many of the Welsh Nonconformists to Nonconformity is really an attachment to their own tongue far more than to any system of doctrine or Church government. Lord Aberdare bore witness to the ground which had been gained by the Church in Wales during the reign of the Queen through the attention paid to the needs and feelings of the Welsh-speaking people. There is no act of courtesy which the Welsh people—and, indeed, every people similarly circumstanced—feel more sensibly than the acquisition and use of their language by strangers coming among them. It opens a way to their hearts. The amendment moved by Lord Cross, and a similar one moved by Lord Cranbrook, do not seem open in themselves to reasonable objection; but some of the arguments by which they

were supported lend themselves to the design of those who desire, in the pursuit of a sinister personal ambition, to cultivate provincial jealousy and the animosities of race in Wales. The Bill, having passed through the Committee and Report stages, was read a third time and passed on Thursday.

From the Church in Wales to import duties in Canada the House of Lords made a long step, geographically and politically. The new tariff, as Lord Lamington and Lord Granville pointed out, increases the protection offered by the one which preceded it by 100 per cent. on pig iron, by 350 per cent. on puddled bars, and by 155 per cent. on bar iron. The fact, if it be one, that these prohibitive duties are directed primarily against competition on the part of the United States, and affect England only indirectly and by consequence, will scarcely carry much consolation with it to the industries struck at. Business is one thing, and sentiment is another. Mercutio was not comforted by the fact that he received his death-wound under Romeo's arm. If a country whose industry is mainly in timber and in agriculture does not appreciate the advantage of getting its axes and ploughs, or the material of them, cheaply, all that can be done is to wait for a time when its eyes will be opened more clearly to its own interests. What argument has failed to do remonstrance and authority will fail to accomplish. The nominal reduction in some parts of the new tariff, according to Lord Granville, who on this matter is, we believe, an expert, amounts practically to nothing at all. His suggestion that the conduct of the Canadian Government might reasonably be met by a refusal to contribute to the Trans-Pacific lines, which are of vital importance to the whole Empire, appears to involve a doctrine of retaliation politically as mischievous as it is commercially unsound. The essence of the matter lies in the fact that a people holding Protectionist doctrines will infallibly embody them in a Protectionist tariff. There is nothing for it, as Lord Salisbury suggested, but to wait until disastrous experience refutes a false theory. Experience, however, is a slow teacher; and the disease seldom involves the power of accurately diagnosing the cause of the disease and submitting to the proper remedy.

Lord Beaconsfield attributed some portion of the discontent of Ireland to the proximity of a melancholy ocean, which affected the terrestrial population. Perhaps some of the less amiable characteristics of the inhabitants of London may be due to the fact that during a large portion of the year they live under a canopy and breathe an atmosphere of smoke. Lord Stratheden and Campbell has introduced a Bill for the abatement of the nuisance. He proposes to associate the local authorities with the police in checking the evil, and to bring private houses under supervision. It is objected that the local authorities are largely in the hands of smoke-producers, and that a rebellion of the householders of London would be the result of an attempt to interfere with their hearths, homes, and chimneys. Nevertheless the evil has increased, is increasing, and ought, if any one will point out how, to be diminished. The Duke of Westminster "has been told," by some one, we presume, who knew, that no fewer than sixty houses were added to London for every working day of the year, and that since the beginning of the century the annual consumption of coal has risen from one million to eight million tons a year. Lord Brownlow, who, on behalf of the Government, had moved the rejection of the Bill, on the plea that the Home Office was making inquiry into the matter—a statement which seemed to diffuse lively alarm among the peers—consented ultimately that it should be referred to a Select Committee.

Some progress has been made in Committee with the Land Transfer Bill, of the general purport and drift of which Lord Herschell on the motion for going into Committee expressed a qualified approval, but to the drafting of which he took, on one ground at least, reasonable objection. Instead of being a measure complete and intelligible itself, it is only to be understood in conjunction with the Act of 1875. After losing his temper in a two hours' attempt to master its provisions, Lord Herschell was obliged to devote the rest of the day to the recovery of his equanimity, in order that he might approach the subject in a chastened spirit on the day following. Lord Herschell's contributions to the discussion of the Bill lie in his contention that the registration of a merely possessory title should be cheaper and easier than it is, and that the conversion of a possessory into an absolute title should be attended with more careful examination than the Bill provides. The Committee passed without amendment the first ten clauses of the Bill. The House of Lords realized this week a secular version of Mrs. Gamp's pious aspiration for the time when two Sundays should join. Two Parliamentary Wednesdays joined for them when they adjourned from Monday till Thursday, on which day they discussed the health of the Dublin barracks and the insufficient encouragement given by the Admiralty to the Naval Volunteers.

The House of Commons has enjoyed a week's respite from the discussion of the Crimes Bill, which it will approach on the Report stage next Monday. When the Chairman rose at ten o'clock on Friday, June 17, to give effect to the instruction carried just a week before, the Committee was engaged on the sixth clause, which Mr. Courtney immediately put, as amended, to the Committee. It was carried by 332 votes against 163—that is to say, by a majority of 169, or more than two to one, the Irish members leaving the House without voting, an example followed, after this first protesting vote, by the Gladstonian branch of the united Opposition. The remaining fourteen clauses of the Bill were then put one by one, and carried without division. The loud cheers which greeted the Speaker's resumption of the

chair were renewed when the Chairman announced:—"I have to report to the House that the Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill has passed through Committee with amendments." In this way a passage in Parliamentary history was brought to a close which, in the naked and shameless attempt it unveiled to paralyse the legislative faculty of the House of Commons, and to give impunity to fraud and crime in Ireland, is simply disgraceful. That this conspiracy should have been led, or at any rate encouraged, by a statesman nearly approaching his eightieth year, who was once the chief ornament of the House of Commons, is a fact which it is sufficient here to record. The next business proceeded with was the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill in Committee, progress on which was reported, after the Committee, beginning with the fourth, had reached the seventeenth clause. The tobacco and beer duties and the Income-tax were discussed and amendments were moved, but were either withdrawn or defeated. On Monday a Resolution was passed ordering that Reginald Bidmead, reported by the Committee on the Petitions on the Coal and Wine Duties to have fabricated signatures to petitions in favour of them, be summoned to the Bar of the House, there to be reprimanded by the Speaker, a ceremony which took place on Thursday. Votes were taken on the Civil Service Estimates, mainly for Royal palaces, parks, and pleasantries, with the usual opposition from Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Conybeare, Dr. Tanner, and politicians of that order. After this semi-comic interlude Mr. Matthews moved the second reading of the Coal Mines Regulation Bill, to which the qualified merit of being a step in the right direction was conceded by Mr. Burt, who took exception, as did Mr. Broadhurst, to the non-prohibition of the employment of the pit's-brow women, though in this respect it followed a measure of the late Government for which Mr. Broadhurst had direct responsibility. The Committee proceeded with the measure on Wednesday and Thursday, showing, for the first time this Session, that, under proper conditions, the House of Commons is capable of dealing in a business-like way with measures affecting the interests of great masses of the community. The Committee negatived the prohibition of female labour at the pit's brow by 188 votes to 112, and raised the age at which boys and girls can be employed from ten to twelve years. When the Committee adjourned on Thursday thirteen clauses of the Bill had been passed. An adjourned debate, itself adjourned, then followed on the East India and China mail contract, which was attacked in the interest of the proposed line from Vancouver to Hong Kong, and defended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Raikes as the cheapest, the fastest, and only practical scheme—the best of all possible or conceivable contracts.

OFFICIALISM VERSUS A SCIENCE MUSEUM.

TO watch the workings of our practically irresponsible bureaucracy is often amusing—sometimes, as in the bending bayonet business, painfully interesting. A recent Parliamentary paper brings to light in a striking manner how the business of the State is carried on, or rather how, when the country has decided that something shall be done, an omniscient official can settle that it shall not be begun. The paper we refer to is No. 78 of the present session. It is a memorandum, signed by Professor Huxley and a number of eminent scientific men, "on certain statements made in the Parliamentary Return, No. 246, of the Session 1886." This paper was the Report of an Interdepartmental Committee on the National Science Collections. In it "certain statements are made by Mr. A. B. Mitford, C.B., which seem to the scientific gentlemen who sign the paper and who had acted as a Committee of Advice to call for remark and remonstrance." And they proceed to meet his statements with regard to important matters of fact "with an unqualified denial."

It appears that, among other means of forwarding technical education in this country, a Science Museum, corresponding to some extent with the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* at Paris, has for some time naturally engaged attention. The formation of such an institution was contemplated by the Government as early as 1853, when the Department of Science and Art was first started. Little by little it has apparently been struggling into shape, and, though still in a very incomplete state, forms an interesting and most instructive collection, with a local habitation on the west side of Exhibition Road, in ramshackle sheds, corridors, and galleries surrounding three sides of the estate of H.M. Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851. The growth of this branch of the South Kensington Museum has not been so rapid as that of its complement which is devoted to the explanation of decorative and industrial art, and is displayed in the buildings on the east of Exhibition Road. Nevertheless, even under manifest disadvantages, the Science collections at South Kensington had developed to such an extent that they claimed the serious investigation of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire. The Fourth Report of that Commission, published in 1874, gives the opinion of the Royal Commissioners in no doubtful manner, as the following extracts show:—

We consider it our duty to point out the striking contrast afforded by the British Museum Collections dealing with biology, geology, and mineralogy; the Jernyn Street Collections dealing with geology (scientific and economic), mineralogy, mining, and metallurgy; the Kew Collections

dealing with botany on the one hand; and on the other hand, the collections in the Scientific Department of the South Kensington Museum (including the Patent Museum), where alone have any attempts been made to collect together in a museum objects illustrating the experimental sciences.

While it is a matter of congratulation that the British Museum contains one of the first and largest collections in existence illustrative of biological science, it is to be regretted that there is at present no national collection of the instruments used in the investigation of mechanical, chemical, or physical laws; although such collections are of great importance to persons interested in the experimental sciences.

We consider that the recent progress in these sciences and the daily increasing demand for knowledge concerning them make it desirable that the national collections should be extended in this direction, so as to meet a great scientific requirement, which cannot be provided for in any other way.

Pondering upon these words of wisdom, the Lord President of the Council, as Minister in charge of the scientific collections, announced in 1881 his conviction that "the importance of having a museum for scientific apparatus was amply established." He invited the most competent persons to act on Committees, and to report to him upon the various divisions of the Museum of Science; how they should be brought nearer to completion; and what space would be required for them. The President of the Royal Society, Professor Huxley, and seven others Fellows of the Royal Society, applied themselves to the selection of "objects for the illustration of science generally"; Lord Ravensworth, Sir E. J. Reed, Mr. Samuda, and others did the same for Naval Construction. The Presidents of the Civil Engineers and of the Royal Institute of British Architects and others took the "Structural Collections" under their wing. Sir William Armstrong, Sir J. Bazalgette, Mr. James Brunlees, Sir C. Hutton Gregory, Mr. Charles Manby, Sir E. J. Reed, Sir B. Samuelson, and several others dealt with the Machine Collections; whilst Educational Collections of Apparatus useful to School Boards, managers, and teachers were attended to by equally eminent authorities. Each Committee reported in strong terms upon the value of the nucleus of objects brought under its consideration, and the desirability of developing each section and providing proper buildings for it. The "Patent Museum" was examined with a view to its being incorporated with the "Machine Collections," and since 1883 it has been formally made over by Act of Parliament to the Department of Science and Art with this intention.

Early, then, in 1884 the Treasury conceived that "certain difficult questions" had arisen with regard to the foregoing Scientific and Technical collections for which the Government was responsible. It accordingly determined to appoint a Committee which should be representative of the Treasury, the Office of Works, and Educational Departments, with the addition of some eminent person unconnected with the Government. Sir Frederick Bramwell was therefore appointed chairman. Lord Lingen represented the Treasury, Mr. Mitford the Office of Works, and Colonel Donnelly the Education Departments. The Committee was instructed "to consider and report upon the scope of the Scientific and Technical collections, including the Patent Museum, and the space required for them immediately and prospectively," and "to suggest a plan for housing these collections in the existing galleries to the south of the Horticultural Gardens or in the new galleries to be built upon their site and the adjacent ground, now the property of the Government." By the 27th of July, 1885, this Interdepartmental Committee finished its work, and signed a Report, in which they set forth the present disposal of the Science collections, their scope, and the space required; to this were added the measures recommended for carrying out alterations of arrangements in the existing galleries and for new works to be undertaken.

To have shown the practicability or otherwise of these last-named measures was obviously the peculiar duty of the gentleman acting for the Office of Works. He, however, took another view of his functions. He dissented from the whole Report, and presented a separate Report of his own. Considerations of quantities, structural possibilities, and suchlike did not trouble him. He knew better than all who had gone before him, and with unabashed confidence laid down "the first questions which Government must face." As a specimen of the views and opinions of the Office of Works this Report is amusing. The odd thing is that it should have been allowed to appear in an official paper as a contribution to a serious discussion. Commenting upon the completion of the Museum of Art, which never came within the purview of the Committee, the representative of the Office of Works argues that it is unwise to enter into building operations for the Museum of Science on the west side of Exhibition Road before the structures on the east side are completed. When these are done, he believes that the accommodation will be sufficient for the growth of the Science and Art Department. No plans are produced to show how this can be. Then, strange to say, he actually recommends the erection of a building on the west side of Exhibition Road for what he calls a "Patent Museum," ignoring the fact that the "Patent Museum," such as it was, had ceased to exist, and had been merged, according to Act of Parliament, into the Science collections of the Science and Art Department. Before, however, involving himself in this self-contradiction, he gives vent to divers curious opinions; amongst others, that the recommendations made by the several professional authorities anent the Science collections were those of self-interested parties. With a free inversion of Scriptural incident, we are informed that "Prophets who have been invited to bless are seldom so uncivil

as to curse, and inquiry by a department into itself is not likely to lead to a satisfactory thrashing out of any of the questions that may be at issue." How far the Duke of Devonshire, the Prime Minister—who gave evidence before his Grace's Commission—and Professor Huxley are to be included among the prophets the Office of Works may possibly be able to say. These gentlemen certainly advanced very clear opinions in favour of a Museum of Science such as the Interdepartmental Committee had to consider. The Office of Works, if we may judge by its representative, evidently has a very low opinion of the collective wisdom of the highest scientific and professional authorities and Ministers of the day, at least in comparison with its own. And, so thinking, its representative makes suave confession that his first feeling upon looking into the matter is one of amazement at the scope of the proposed Museum; his second one of surprise that it is as defined as it is. Of evidence in favour of his views there is none. By way of serious argument, we are asked why medicine is omitted from the scope of the proposals. Why not have asked why horse-training and hair-dressing were also omitted? The crushing blow is delivered when we are informed by this high authority of the "branches of knowledge which are learnt elsewhere and cannot profitably be taught at South Kensington." The funny man usually makes his joke at the wrong time, but his reputation is at stake until he produces it. *Appropos*, therefore, to instruments, for destroying fish, in the Buckland collection the Office of Works gentleman suggests that "burglars' tools should be in the structural collection for the instruction of policemen." A relapse into pseudo-seriousness leads him to dogmatize that, to become a builder, "a man must work at the bench," and "to become an architect he must be apprenticed to a master of the craft." Upon peripatetic collections of scientific objects for educational purposes even Jarley and Barnum might say more than "when one town had looked its fill at such collections they can be sent on to another." This is the kind of stuff put forward officially by way of argument to show that "it would be neither wise nor justifiable for the Government to embark in a large building scheme to house a Museum of Science in the shape proposed." On the other hand it would be unfair to omit mentioning that the Office of Works official admits that the scheme might possibly be entertained if "something like a living interest" were displayed in the present nucleus of the projected institution. But he says that "this is not the case. The galleries are for the most part empty, or tenanted only by a solitary policeman wearily walking the loneliest beat in London." The official returns give a minimum of 500 visitors a day to the galleries, as registered by the turnstiles. Whilst therefore condescending to sympathize with the unhappy life of a policeman, the gentleman of bricks and mortar evidently has a soul above statistics of this class. To him it must, no doubt, be clear that the "solitary policeman" neglected his "loneliest beat," and varied his weary walk by running in and out of the turnstiles five hundred times a day. But even this sort of explanation cannot avail much. Our sceptic declares that the 500 visitors "have the gift of invisibility," and so on. On this and similar grounds he is clearly entitled to treat the responsible authorities—Ministers, Royal Commissioners, and professional men—as a pack of noodles conniving at their own ends on the strength of a fictitious case based on fables.

His Report is answered in a Memorandum compiled by the member of the Committee representing the Education Departments. A meeting of the Committee is then summoned to consider the Report and the way in which the riders to it shall be brought before the Treasury. The official amenities, reminding one of recent Parliamentary debates, and loss of official time which then followed, may be gathered from the Parliamentary papers which have been printed at the expense of the British taxpayer. Amongst them will be found an additional or second "Report" from the Office of Works representative. But the freshness of his humour wanes, and it is rather dull work following him through an iteration of old statements, and his unwilling admission of misapprehensions. He talks of "mere juggling with words," calls his superiors to order for opposing "to authority a dumb but active rebellion," and generally establishes himself as arbiter in chief. On his own domain of superficial feet of space and suchlike, he comes to grief in attempting to maintain that a Committee of scientific gentlemen "demand as sufficient, not for a permanency, but for ten years only, an area equal to nearly threefold what they originally deemed should be eventually commanded." The fact is that this Committee originally demanded 37,000 square feet, and stated that 3,000 square feet additional would be "sufficient probably for any reasonable increase within ten years." The critic from the Office of Works arrived at his extraordinary calculations by including a number of square feet required for matters with which the Committee in question were in no way concerned. The only excuse for the critic is that he was apparently ignorant of the terminology of the subjects with which he was dealing. Were it not that his absurd contention was disguised in an exuberance of verbosity, it could hardly have warranted the terse and conclusive *exposé* which Professors Huxley, Goodeve, Judd, Norman Lockyer, Warrington Smyth, and others bestowed upon it in the Parliamentary paper named above.

What object the Office of Works representative can have imagined he was serving is beyond divination. One thing, however, is manifest, and that is, that an official of this stamp is able

to hinder the development of an institution which is indispensable to a national movement, the value of which such one as the Prime Minister, Lord Hartington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Professor Huxley concur in proclaiming.

ARE THEY TRAITORS?

A TELEGRAM that appeared lately in the *Times* from a Correspondent at Rome was read between the lines by journalists and others, with the inference that English Roman Catholics are a gang of traitors, and priests' houses nests of conspirators. That there are many Irish priests with strong Nationalist views in this country is unquestionable; that when an English priest, or layman for that matter, adopts Hibernian politics he out-Irishes the Irish, is even less open to dispute; but if there is one man more than another who loathes Irish disloyalty and everything connected with it, and opposes it on every opportunity, that man is the average English Roman Catholic, be he priest or layman. O'Connell himself said that the bitterest enemies of Irish freedom were the English Roman Catholics, nor are the causes of this enmity very difficult to find. Ordinary Englishmen have had no great reason to trouble themselves about Irish politics until the last year or two. It is true that there have been Irish Church Disestablishment and Land Bills; but Tom, Dick, and Harry were not obliged to read the debates upon them, or to discuss them among themselves unless they liked. With English Roman Catholics, on the other hand, it was quite different. In matters connected with the building of their churches, the support of their clergy, the education of their children, and the distribution of alms, they were constantly meeting their Irish co-religionists, and few were the opportunities missed by the latter of urging the claims of "down-trodden Ireland." This was worrying enough; but when it was attempted to make sympathy with Irish disloyalty a test of zeal for the Roman Catholic religion, things assumed a very different aspect. English Roman Catholics even went so far as to question whether the apparent zeal of some Irishmen for their faith was not owing to the fact that it was not the faith of the majority in this country, while they hinted that it was far from impossible that Ireland might become Protestant if England were to become Catholic. This, of course, was an extreme paradox, but, in hot conflict, it has often been flung by Englishmen in the teeth of Irishmen. That the most violent propagandists of Irish Nationalism in this country are men who neglect the sacraments has been much observed by English priests and laymen; that the Irish members have not all been remarkable for the fulfilment of their religious duties is notorious. English priests, again, have remarked that when deputations of Irishmen have called upon them to ask for the use of their schoolrooms for Home Rule meetings—a request almost always refused—the members of the deputation were men whom they had never seen at church. Indeed, it has been lately by no means an uncommon occurrence for the Home Rulers, refused by the priests, to hold their meetings at the Methodist chapels or schoolrooms. As to English Roman Catholic bishops, with one or two remarkable exceptions, they are the strongest of Unionists and Tories. Whether they have or have not administered countless severe snubs, rebukes, and even punishments to Irish priests who have been aggressive in their politics, they know, and the priests know, and certain others know, although none may care to say much about it.

It should not be forgotten that when an English priest makes a stand against Irish Nationalism he runs the risk of losing a considerable part of his very small and precarious income. There are some curious stories of boycotted churches in this country. If Roman Catholic laymen incur no loss of income by opposing the Irish party, they are exposed to considerable odium from certain of their co-religionists. Altogether, it may safely be said that no body of men have so much to bear for the cause of the Union, at the present moment, as loyal English bishops, priests, and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be added, with equal safety, that no class has such an influence with the large number of Irish who have lived long enough in England, and intermarried enough with the English, to be almost as English as Irish, and to be wavering between Irish Nationalism and English loyalty. We fear that the majority of Irish Roman Catholic landlords of large property will be angry with us for not holding them up as examples of the strongest Unionists, which in many cases they unquestionably are; but we are dealing exclusively with English Roman Catholics in this article.

The strongest advocates of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican are English Roman Catholics of the type we have been describing; its bitterest opponents are Irish Nationalists. On Tuesday last, by order of the Bishops, Masses were said for the Queen in nearly every Roman Catholic church in England. Of the mission of a Papal Envoy to congratulate the Queen on her Jubilee it is unnecessary that we should speak here; but it may be worth reminding Conservative politicians that the policy of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to lower education is not only their own, but also that of the Established Church of the country. Moreover, it is well to remember that, if the question of Disestablishment should ever be brought before the constituencies, it is probable that, while a very large proportion of English Roman Catholics would strongly support the principle of

maintaining a State religion, the bulk of the remainder would, at worst, remain the *idiot* in the matter. In these days, when the influence and the *prestige* of every class and body of men have to be taken into consideration by politicians, it seems to us that the subjects briefly alluded to in this short article are worthy of some attention.

OPERA.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has certainly not been fortunate in the selection of his dramatic *prime donne*, and he can scarcely have used his own personal supervision in their engagement, else we surely should not have been introduced to the two veteran vocalists who have figured respectively as *Aïda* and *Norma* during the past fortnight. The lady who played *Aïda*, however, is an actress and singer of great excellence, and the only fault to be found with her is that she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which alone come with age and experience, especially with age. Mme. Medea Borelli we have heard before at least twelve years ago in Italy, when she sang remarkably well, and was still a singularly handsome woman. Unfortunately for her and for her public, the rage for screaming has so grown of late years that, in order to win popularity, the singer has evidently forced her voice, until the middle register is completely gone, sacrificed to high notes, which quiver and quaver so that "*Casta Diva*" seemed as if it had been written on a series of little shakes. She has dramatic intelligence of a high order, knows how to pose herself picturesquely, and she phrases to admiration; but beyond these qualifications Mme. Borelli has little to recommend her, and her *Norma* was a disappointment to a large audience, attracted to hear Bellini's glorious masterpiece for the first time in fifteen years. Miss Marie Engle was an ideal *Adalgisa*, singing and acting admirably; and she was enthusiastically applauded, especially in the second duet, in which she sang "*Mira Norma*" with genuine pathos. Signor Rancio was an acceptable *Pollione*, and the dignified and mighty voice of Signor Francesco Navarini was heard to advantage in the part of *Oroveso*. The opera was mounted with much taste; and the last scene, in which we beheld a veritable Stonehenge by moonlight, filled with Druids and priestesses in spotless white robes, and Gallic warriors in barbaric armour, grouped to perfection, was admirable. Unfortunately, however, *Norma* is a work, like *Hamlet*, which cannot be produced without a really great artist to take the leading rôle, so that Mr. Harris's laudable efforts to revive it have failed—although it is probable that, had it been possible to have secured a really good *Norma*, this opera, which Wagner once declared to be absolutely "sublime," would prove very attractive. Mme. Borelli reappeared on Saturday night as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*. Miss Minnie Hauk achieved a success as Zerlina. Miss Nordica was an efficient *Elvira*, whilst M. Maurel did well as *Don Giovanni*. The *ensemble* was not satisfactory. In the last act the curtain fell just as the ghost was uttering his final appeal to the libertine Don, whereby both ghost and mortal were made to look extremely foolish.

The *début* of Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson at Drury Lane on the eve of the Jubilee was an event of much musical importance. The young lady, who is a Swede, had arrived amongst us with a certain faint rumour of artistic excellence, which, though it led some to anticipate a more than ordinary success for her, was not sufficient to create anything like a sensation. Indeed, it may be said with perfect truth that Mlle. Arnoldson received no greater heralding than did Mme. Adelina Patti when she appeared in 1862. The opera selected for her initial performance was the evergreen *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. From the moment of her first appearing at the balcony of Don Bartolo's house she was taken into favour by the audience. Mlle. Arnoldson's voice is a pure soprano, of even compass, a little weak in the upper register, but admirable in the middle notes, which are usually so worn among the singers of the present day. She has been evidently well trained, her vocalization is excellent, she takes breath well, phrases admirably, and sings with an ease amazing from so young and evidently inexperienced a person. Her acting, too, is highly finished, graceful, and effective, but in a certain degree slightly over-elaborated. Independently of Mlle. Arnoldson the cast was exceptionally good. Signor Battistini was a good Figaro and Signor de Lucia an efficient Count Almaviva. He sang "*Già spunta l'aurora*" better than even the more delicate and refined "*Se il mio nome*," and his scenes with Rosina were excellent. But perhaps the greatest vocal triumph of the evening was reserved for M. Edouard de Reszke, who as Don Basilio sang the great "*Calunnia*" to absolute perfection. The Don Bartolo of Signor Ciampi was good, but he over-acted, possibly in his endeavours to impress the audience unacquainted with Italian with the drollery of his part. The opera was mounted with great attention to detail, and has perhaps never been so picturesquely presented before. The view of Seville in the opening scene, with the Giralda in the distance, and the quaint dresses of the courtiers, added to the charm of a performance which, if it were put up for a run, would doubtless attract for weeks.

At Covent Garden Mlle. Valda, as Donna Elvira in *Ernani*, added yet another triumph to the many which she has achieved within the past two or three years. Nothing more finished or

brilliant than her singing of "*Ernani, Ernani, involami*," can be desired. Signor Figner was a not very notable *Ernani*, but Signor D'Andrade was imposing as Carlo Quinto. On Saturday Mme. Albani appeared as *Violetta* in *Traviata*, and sang it very much as she has always done for the past dozen years, with much grace but very little pathos. This opera, however, is so much better "staged" at Drury Lane that the performance of it under Signor Lago's management falls quite flat, especially as the Alfredo of Signor Figner is the reverse of interesting.

CHOLERA IN INDIA.

THE Indian Government publishes annually a report on the sanitary condition of its army, its galls, and the general population, which, despite the carefully sustained frigidity of tone proper to an official utterance, is to the understanding eye a highly sensational document. Custom has prescribed that it should open with a map which shows by its varied shades those portions of the country in which cholera is endemic, those portions which for the year in question were epidemically affected by cholera, and those in which the disease made itself but slightly felt. The "endemic area of cholera" is a parallelogram extending for about two hundred miles on either side of Calcutta, its western boundary running from the sacred city of Pooree, in Orissa, due north to the Himalayas. In the year 1885, the Report for which has just appeared, the "epidemic area" stretched over the rest of Bengal, Assam, and Burmah on the east, up the valley of the Ganges into Oudh and Panjab to the north-west, and over almost the whole of the Bombay and Madras Presidencies to the west and south. The result of this state of things was an official record of 386,000 cholera deaths—figures which by universal consent very inadequately represent the actual mortality. Imperfect, however, as they are, the statistics are in many instances sufficiently startling. In the Province of Bengal 174,000 deaths were recorded, the ratio of cholera mortality for the entire Province being 2·62 per thousand; while some entire districts, notably that of Orissa, showed ratios of 6 or 7 in the thousand, and some cities, among them the great centre of the Juggernath pilgrimage, ratios ranging between 19 and 29 in the thousand. In other words, the ratio of mortality from this disease alone was in this last instance about 10 per mille higher than the total mortality from all causes of the great cities of England. In the North-Western Provinces 63,000 cholera deaths were recorded, and the ratio of cholera mortality was 1·44 in the thousand. The Madras Presidency contributed 58,000 deaths, showing an annual ratio of 2 per mille. Bombay showed 37,000 deaths, and an annual ratio of 2·27 per mille, one entire district reaching the high ratio of 10·63 per mille. The Central Provinces showed 21,800 deaths, an annual ratio for the whole population of 2·48 per mille, and a maximum district ratio of 7·5 per mille. On the whole, the figures sufficiently establish the general prevalence of the disease throughout the country, and its intensity at certain well-defined centres where the conditions are especially congenial. In these its presence is constant; and from them, though by what exact means of propagation science does not yet enable us to pronounce, it radiates on occasion to other parts of India, and, as the experience of the last few years has painfully reminded us, to those countries of Europe whose circumstances predispose them to its reception.

The interest of statistics such as those given above depends, to a large extent, on the degree in which the mortality which they represent is found to be within human control; and cholera is every year being more distinctly brought within the category of diseases the prevalence of which, on any general scale or for any continuous period, can be profoundly modified by means which are clearly ascertained and can be readily applied. Much obscurity, it is true, still surrounds the more recondite aspects of the origin and propagation of this dreadful scourge of humanity. At Calcutta the microscopic researches of an accomplished physiologist have tended, the Report informs us, in the direction of showing that the disease is connected, in some way or other, with the presence, in certain portions of the body, of the *Bacillus*, to which Professor Koch gave such notoriety a few years ago, and that a disease, very cognate in its nature to cholera, may be communicated to animals by inoculation with this *Bacillus*. Imperfect, however, as is our mastery of this branch of the subject, there is no room for doubt that the essential condition for the existence of cholera is the presence of filth in air, soil, or water; and that, with the introduction of those cleansing measures which are summed up in the general term of "sanitation," the disease immediately abates in violence and ultimately disappears. This has been proved with abundant clearness in the case of those portions of Calcutta which have been supplied with pure drinking water and an efficient sewer-system. In these cholera may be said to be unknown, even in years of epidemic intensity, notwithstanding that it has a perennial home in the filthy native quarters immediately adjoining, where the introduction of proper sanitation has not yet been effected. A striking instance has been recently brought to light by the health authorities of the city, in which the facts were such as to prove almost to demonstration that an outburst of cholera on board a ship lying in the river had been occasioned by milk, for the adulteration of which the vendor had employed the water of a tank which had

immediately before been contaminated with the drainage of a cholera-infected house and the clothes of a cholera-infected patient. This is but the last of a long list of cases all going to establish the same conclusion—namely, that cholera is propagated by the actual communication of the active causes of the disease, and that the ordinary medium of communication is to be found in the quarters with which the sanitary engineer and conservancy officer are especially concerned. If this theory of the propagation be accepted, it follows that with pure water supply, effectual drainage, and vigorous and watchful conservancy, cholera would disappear as completely from Bengal as it has from England and from those portions of Calcutta in which sanitation on something like the English scale has been carried out. And if this be so, those European countries which stand in hourly dread of an invasion of cholera from the East will not be likely to let the Government of India rest until it has exerted itself strenuously to curtail and remove so grave a source of public danger. There is reason to fear that Lord Ripon's ill-considered projects of local self-government have in many instances devolved the important duties of sanitary supervision upon public bodies which are very little able to appreciate their importance or to discharge them with vigour and intelligence, while they rendered official interference difficult and unpopular. Of late years, moreover, the Government of India has abandoned the system of State loans to municipalities, and these bodies are thus driven to do the best they can in the open market. As capitalists and banks regard the solvency of the newly-created bodies as open to suspicion, it is often found impossible to raise a loan on reasonable terms. The consequence apparently is, that the work of sanitary improvement has been, speaking generally, for several years at a standstill in India, and that there is no prospect of improvement in the immediate future. When, however, it is recognized that the insanitary condition of Indian towns has the direct result of propagating a disease, which is not only the scourge of the indigenous population but the just terror of other countries, the Indian Government will, it may be believed, recognize the duty of providing that neither the shortcomings of its own officials nor the ignorance and prejudice of the public bodies, which it has called into existence, shall be allowed to convert large areas of India into a nursery-ground for the cultivation of this easily-propagated poison. If, in short, cholera, as it seems now to be shown, is a preventable disease, the Government must take adequate means, either by itself or its servants, to prevent it. In the case of Calcutta the causes which directly favour the propagation of cholera have been for many years past perfectly well known, and the expenditure of public money in their removal has been the topic of acrimonious controversy between the Government and the European community on the one hand, and the native house-owners and rate-payers on the other. The champions of obstruction have hitherto prevailed, and the protests of official advisers have fallen on inattentive ears. The Indian Government cannot, with regard either to the interests of its own subjects or the public health of Europe, allow such a contest to be indefinitely prolonged and such grave public evils to remain unabated.

CONCERTS AND MATINÉES.

THERE have been an amazing number of concerts during the past week, very few, however, of exceptional excellence or interest. A brother of Wieniawski, the lamented violinist, gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall. He has a perfect command of the instrument, much taste, and is a brilliant player; but one must needs be exceptional nowadays to achieve anything like a great success on the piano at a time when there are so many people who play that instrument pre-eminently well.

Little Josef Hofmann not only plays the piano pre-eminently well, but he does something else. He throws into his performances a dash of genius which lifts them above the common. At his last recital, at the Prince's Hall, he played a selection of Chopin to absolute perfection, and gave as an encore the D flat waltz with such infinite charm and grace that the audience was astounded, and the applause provoked was extraordinary, and such as is rarely heard in a London concert-room. How he manages to touch the octaves is to us marvellous, and the strength of his little fingers equals that of any of our first performers.

M. Saint-Saëns, at his orchestral concert at the St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, performed no less than four pianoforte concertos—a feat which certainly deserves to be recorded. These were No. 1, in D major, Op. 17; No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22; No. 3, in E flat, Op. 29; and No. 4, in C minor, Op. 44, all being from the pen of this accomplished musician. The third is the best and by far the most charming work, although not nearly so elaborate as No. 4, which the composer brought out at the Crystal Palace in 1879. M. Saint-Saëns was deservedly much applauded; but it is regrettable that he should have chosen to play so much music of so serious a character at one sitting. It is not easy to keep the mind occupied for so long a time on works of such length and of such importance, which end by becoming as trying to the audience as they must be to the performer, especially in hot weather.

Miss Rosa Leo is a young lady whose personal popularity and artistic intelligence are so great that her annual concert, generally

given by kind permission of Dr. and Mrs. Morell Mackenzie at their house in Harley Street, has become one of the musical events of the season. She has a charming contralto voice, which she uses with excellent effect, and, above all, never in songs beyond her power. On Friday last she sang with great taste and feeling two delightful works, "Du süßes Mädchen" and "My Star," by that veteran composer Mr. Charles Salaman, who was greeted with prolonged applause on taking his seat at the piano to play Miss Leo's accompaniments. Mr. Orlando Harley, who has a pretty tenor voice, would make twice the effect he does if he consented to sing in a simpler style. Taste and feeling are one thing, affectations another.

Herr Paul Eckhoff, a worthy pupil of a worthy master, the late Abbé Liszt, gave a recital of Liszt music at his residence in South Kensington on Saturday afternoon, which served to establish his reputation as a very distinguished pianist. The Hungarian Rhapsodi was magnificently played, and a "Berceuse," produced for the first time in England, achieved deserved success. It is exceedingly graceful and original, and ought to become very popular. "Venezia e Napoli," a gondoliera and a tarantella, are also delightful pieces, only too little known in our salons. They received great justice at the hands, or perhaps rather from the fingers, of Herr Paul Eckhoff, who has much of the witchery and power of his illustrious teacher. Miss Mary Hutton sang very sweetly an aria from *Mignon*. Herr Eckhoff's next Recital will take place on July 9th, and will be devoted to Wagner.

Signor Vittorio Carpi's concert introduced Miss Amelia Groll, who sang very well indeed the aria from Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles," and with Signor Carpi the duet "Tutte le Feste," from *Rigoletto*. Mr. Isidore de Lara and Miss Lebrun also sang; and Signor de Christofaro was much applauded for his delightful performance on the mandoline.

Miss Adelaide Detchon has been giving a series of recitations at Prince's Hall. For some years past the name of this lady has been familiar in most London drawing-rooms, which she has enlivened by her very original and amusing recitations. She possesses a sweet voice and a graceful manner, but perhaps after all what surprises and delights her audience most is her gift of ventriloquism and of imitating birds. These, combined with the recitations, produce a very curious and by no means unpleasing effect, so that Miss Detchon is always sure to attract with her attractive and unique entertainment.

SCULPTURE AT LAMBETH.

MR. GEORGE TINWORTH'S new work in sculpture, now on view at Messrs. Doulton & Co.'s show-rooms at Lambeth, is a remarkable example of the artist's powers in design and modelling. Its mere dimensions place it outside the category of terra-cotta panels. The more important section of the sculptor's work naturally suggests association with architecture, either as altar-pieces, or as decorative frieze-like panels for mural position within or without Gothic buildings. Nor is it less obvious that Mr. Tinworth's luxuriant fancy and prolific invention in grotesque, not to speak of his notable command of symbolism, might be most effectively employed in conjunction with a church architect endowed with sympathetic gifts. The new work, which represents "Christ before Herod," seems to demand a permanent position that should be in a peculiar degree at once isolated and dominant. Some twenty-three feet in length by nine in height, it comprises over twenty life-size figures, grouped with admirable skill, each of which is characterized by the graphic force and varied significance of expression that render Mr. Tinworth's treatment of Biblical incident so vitally interpretative. The presentment of the subject is singularly dramatic. In not a few other instances the artist has been content to pursue a literal method of illustration with conspicuous fidelity, vivifying his interpretation by a profusion of symbolical touches like the elucidation of a commentator. In the present example the field of suggestiveness left open by the Gospel narrative has produced some extremely happy results. In the centre of the composition the figure of Herod is seated by the side of Christ at the entrance to a tent guarded by soldiers. With an animated gesture of interrogation Herod inclines towards Christ, who is in bonds, while to the right are the railing accusers, three extremely energetic figures, who eagerly bend forward immediately behind two soldiers, who support a paralysed youth. The disposition of this group is profoundly effective. On the left are other sick folk who have been ordered into Herod's presence, in the hope of a miraculous interposition. Among these are a mother with her blind child and a helpless sufferer in charge of soldiers. These and other pathetic circumstances are very skilfully introduced, and afford a telling contrast to the vigorous action of the elders and the robust figures of Herod's guard. The effect of the design is greatly enhanced by the sculptor's use of colour as a means of relief in the decorative treatment of the background. With this impressive work is exhibited a terra-cotta panel representing the Return of the Prodigal Son, a sketch of singular vivacity, and fully representative of Mr. Tinworth's fertility of conception. In this are some of the most delightful and charming child-figures in the whole range of the artist's work.

HOME DEFENCE.

THE *Broad Arrow*, one of the service papers for whose utterances we usually have the highest regard, gave last week a prominent place to an article called "A Royal Commission on Home Defences," in which, for reasons difficult to understand, the author taxes us with having, in our writings on the same subject, "pronounced dogmatically before we had thought, and without having given sufficient attention to the materials that may exist." Happily the writer places us on a par with a few tolerable authorities. Among others with the late Duke of Wellington, who foresaw the dangerous facilities afforded by steam navigation for the purpose of hostile landings; with the Royal Commission on the Defences of our Naval Ports, which pronounced in 1860 that "there is from the Humber to Penzance a stretch of coast of seven hundred and fifty miles, with beaches in the aggregate of three hundred miles, on which a landing can be effected, and neither our fleet nor our standing army nor our Volunteers, nor even the three combined, could be relied on as sufficient in themselves for the security of the kingdom against invasion"; with Sir Edward Hamley, the latter especially, on account of his well-known paper on "The Employment of Volunteers in Time of Need."

It is generally acknowledged that the Iron Duke knew something about the military resources of this country. It may also reasonably be supposed that the Royal Commission gave some serious and competent consideration to their task. As for the author of *The Operations of War*, any one who has read his admirable papers on the subject at issue—Home Defences—must admit that he has analysed and expounded the question of foreign invasion and of our capabilities for meeting it, not only with the deep and unostentatious patriotism of a true Englishman, but with all the cool discrimination of the man "who knows." The warnings of such men on this most vital question have gone on increasing in earnestness since Wellington's pronouncement. In our own days Sir E. Hamley is by no means the only soldier of note engaged in this kind of crusade against the apathy of the nation. Hardly a month has passed during the last few years without the appearance in magazines, reviews, and service journals of some paper on this pregnant topic. Many a time especially has the *Broad Arrow* itself waxed eloquent on the well-worn theme—will nothing short of a national disaster ever awaken the country to a sense of its military unreadiness? We may therefore well be taken aback when told that we—that is, we in common with all the authorities above mentioned—when pleading the urgency of something like working organization, speak of a United Kingdom in the abstract, not of that of Great Britain and Ireland in its existent or probable condition. "They have," says the *Broad Arrow*, "in their minds a group of islands with plenty of landing places, in close proximity to a great continent swarming with armed men, and as with the fashionable word contests they set out all the contingent dangers possible to arise from such a juxtaposition. If the defence of these kingdoms were indeed but a word contest, we might very well let the play go on. But the present treatment of the subject is disastrous to both army and navy, ruinous to the taxpayers, and very possibly fatal to our nationality in the not remote future. So long as we assume all dangers to be equally proximate, it is next to certain that we shall properly provide against none of them." The curious feature about this ill-timed sally is that on every point the *Broad Arrow* is absolutely at one with us. This is, in fact, the reason which induces us to discuss its unusually superficial criticism.

Touching the Duke of Wellington's forecast of disastrous possibilities, "if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence," that if, says the writer, has never been removed; it has never been got rid of by argument, experiment, or evidence. As regards evidence and argument, we are decidedly of opinion that this has been done amply, over and over again, and by the most competent authorities in both branches of the service. And, as to "pronouncement after experiment," it seems to us that it might come a little too late to be of much use. With reference to Sir Edward Hamley's contemplation of one invading army in Sussex and another marching on London from the east, the writer wants to know how these armies are to get there; and nevertheless a little further on remarks, impressively, that it is only because invasion "has never yet been attempted that there is supposed to be any difficulty in the task!"

The study of the prolific contemporary literature touching our immense potential resources, as compared with our actual weakness, is undoubtedly, as the *Broad Arrow* points out, an unsatisfactory one. There is a want of definiteness, of continuity, of sequence in almost all that has appeared on the subject, whether official or without authority. But this unsatisfactory state of things, this want of sequence, we maintain, is the result, not of ignorance, as the *Broad Arrow* contemptuously has it, but of the disheartening indifference, on one hand, of the public, and of the powerlessness, on the other, of the powers that be to carry out any really extensive alteration in our military system; however soundly treated, the subject is invariably allowed to drop. And this was the gist of our remarks when we pointed out seriaticism all the dangers which England is exposed to.

We think that the *Broad Arrow* would better uphold its own traditions by eschewing for the future such captious and unsub-

stantial criticisms, and better serve the cause it has itself espoused by supporting, instead of carping at, those earnest and hard-working officers who are devoting all their energies to an arduous and ungrateful task.

THE HAREM.

IN theory the Moslem classes his womenkind with the Holy of Holies at Mecca. The innermost shrine of his temple and the rooms with latticed windows are both called by the same name of Harem or Sacred. The apartment is harem, and the ladies who live in it are harem for all but the lord and master. He may enter at will, but generally announces his coming beforehand so that he may not run the risk of meeting female visitors, who are probably the wives of his friends. In well-regulated houses the husband intrudes only at fixed hours, perhaps for a short time after mid-day prayer, and does not else favour his harem till he retires to rest. Home-life such as we understand it can scarcely be said to exist for the Mahomedan. The man lives in and at his work outside and the woman amongst her slaves and friends in the harem.

In many respects the harems of Constantinople are allowed greater liberty than those of Egypt and Persia. The ladies of Stamboul are much addicted to walking, whereas those of Cairo are never seen in the streets on foot. At the Sweet Waters the harems stray over the meadows or picnic on the banks of the Kiaght Khaneh stream, with the fresh air blowing round them. The Egyptian dames, however, can never stir except in their carriages, and can only view the world and their neighbours from the windows of a brougham. The Bezestan of Stamboul is daily honoured by great ladies who also think no evil of riding in the public tramcars between Galata and Pera; but an Egyptian harem who attempted to mix with the crowd in such promiscuous fashion would be promptly banned. In other ways, however, especially since the days of Ismail Pasha, the harem of Cairo has opened its eyes considerably to what goes on beyond its proper ken. The wives and families of foreign residents and travellers put down the various high harems on their visiting-lists, and the bi-weekly promenades on the Shooobra and Gezireh avenues give the veiled ones an opportunity of seeing in the flesh the personages of whom they are perpetually hearing stories and anecdotes. It also gives the men a chance of having this and that *khanem* pointed out to them as they whirl past in their neat little carriages till each gets to know the other by sight at least tolerably well. The opera and the afternoon promenade are the chief excitements of Egyptian harem life. The Cairo Opera House, built by the late Khedive in a style commensurate with the lavish disregard of expense which marked his reign, is fitted with a dozen boxes on the second tier, whose fronts are framed with a gauzy screen enabling the occupants to watch the play and the house, and supposed to prevent the house from watching them. The sparkling of bright eyes and diamonds are nevertheless apt to attract discreet attention, and a powerful glass nearly annihilates the screen, so that the beauties in reality come not only to see, but to be seen, like their Western sisters round them. A separate entrance leads up to the Harem Boxes, and after the fall of the curtain the harem don their *habaraks* and steal out to their carriages by a back way, where it is whispered that many a note and bonbonniere await them on their passage.

The afternoon drive is also an imaginary contact with the world, though as a matter of fact the ladies might almost as well be at home. At four o'clock, or thereabouts, a natty little brougham, drawn by a pair of long-tailed Russian horses, drives up to the door, and the ladies, for they almost invariably drive two and two—a great lady accompanied by a friend or a slave girl—are assisted into the carriage with as much care as if they were made of snow. The more scrupulous ones will even hold a parasol between their faces and the coachman, to prevent contamination from side glances. Most of them, however, start with full intent to be seen as much as possible, and after settling themselves down on the satin cushions, and assuring themselves that the mirror is well dusted, the cigarettes and matches in their places, the chocolate-creams or *nougat* fresh from the bakery, and the bouquet sweet and properly arranged, slip off the *habaraks*, and are ready to front the gaze of the curious. The thinnest of *yashmaks* covers the reddest of lips and the chin and well-kohled eyes keep a smart look-out for exchange of compliments with passers-by. The wives of the Pashas do not wear the Turkish transparent *yashmak*, but cover their mouths and the lower part of the face with a cambric or cotton *burghoo* tied round the back of the head. The Shooobra and Gezireh drives are to Cairo much what the Row is to London, and all the young Beys and Pashas don their best, and either caracole forth on prancing steeds, or, more luxuriously, are driven in the train of the harems. If the lady is inclined to exchange flowers, notes, cigarettes, or even conversation, no hindrance is likely to be offered by the black janitor on the box-seat of the driver. But talking must be done in private, and some side-walk or otherwise secluded spot must be chosen for anything more than a flying passing compliment. For in the East every man is the guardian not only of his own harem but also of everybody else's. A man may thrash his own wife to death with very doubtful chances of anybody intervening, but he may not look at his neighbour's harem.

The most interesting view of the home-life of the harem is when it is considered as the cradle in which Eastern manhood is reared.

Schools of any kind are few and meagrely patronized, and boarding-schools are unknown. A few boys are sent to Paris, Constantinople, or Syria, to be educated, but the majority grow up amongst slave girls and servants, seeing a great deal which they ought not to see and learning very little of what they should. It is small wonder then that the better moral qualities, if any were ever inborn, are rapidly obliterated, and the boy grows up to the man saturated with vice and effeminacy. The women occupants of the harem are the wife or wives and the female slaves. Perhaps on no subject does greater misconception prevail than on this of harem slavery. The field, however, is too wide a one to be touched on more than incidentally. The name of slave as applied to the Georgian or Circassian girl is a misnomer. She occupies more the position of a friend, or at least of a lady's companion, if she does not, as is often the case, become an adopted daughter of the house. She is well and sometimes expensively dressed, and shares the small amusements of her mistress at the theatre, the mooid, or the promenade. Now and then the lady may fly into a passion, and soundly box the girl's ears or pull out a handful of hair; but a reconciliation soon takes place, and is usually cemented with a present of jewelry or a new dress.

The principal diversions of harem life consist in the visits of friends and of a pernicious class of trading women, who hawk about articles of dress and gewgaws from one house to another, retailing the latest gossip and scandal with their wares, and assisting the ladies to get into all manner of scrapes. Wise women who tell fortunes by cards and incantations are also in great demand, and their vaticinations are, as a rule, believed in by the ladies with much the same delightful and blind confidence as is given by farmers' daughters to the mysterious prophecies of the gipsies. Now and then condign punishment awaits these hags, as in the case of the notorious Ayesha, who, several years ago, was called for one night, hustled into a carriage under pretence of visiting a great harem, and has never since been heard of. But, as a rule, their sorceries, evil eyes, and charms are perfectly harmless, and when there is nothing better to do, they are called in to beguile the heavy hours. Nor must the men-singers be left out in the catalogue of delights of the harem—a delight, nevertheless, which is but sparingly indulged in, and can only be enjoyed to the full when the harem's lord is away.

A notion seems generally prevalent in Europe that, if only the harem doors were opened, a rush for liberty would immediately take place, and many are the sympathies wasted on the supposed prisoners of the Mahomedan marriage tie. In reality, both men and women consider their state far superior to that of Europeans. The man argues thus:—"You are a slave from the moment you marry. You cannot go out to lunch or dinner or to your friends without taking your wife with you. You cannot even leave her alone for a few hours without giving an account of yourself. Such a state of things would be unbearable to me. I go where I like, and my wife goes where she likes. I pay my servants to look after her, and I am sure that she is not flirting with other men when I am not by her side. You are never sure of this," &c. This is his line of argument. The woman says:—"My religion forbids me to look upon other men but my husband. If I changed my religion, perhaps I should like to mix up with every fellow I came across; but as long as I am a Mahomedan I detest the thought of it. I cover my face from the sight of the world, as your women cover their bodies. As to being watched and guarded, it is a compliment which shows how much my husband cares for me. If he were to leave me to do what I liked, I should know he did not care for me and should feel deeply insulted." It is difficult for the Western mind fully to grasp the immense gulf between our ideas and theirs. Their reasoning is fallacious and almost ridiculous from our standpoint, but it is good enough from theirs. And therefore as long as the Mahomedan religion lasts, so long will the harem exist. And its existence is, on the whole, a happy and contented one, in spite of all the reasoning which may be brought to show that it ought to be miserable. Centuries of communion and contact with Europeans may possibly change the ideas born and cultivated in the harem, but there is as yet no sign whatever of such a change. Up to the present no appreciable difference is noticeable in the domestic economy of the Moslem. The veils of the ladies may be a little finer and more gauzy, and their dresses and equipages more after the European model; but that is all. Here and there an instance may occur of an attempt to throw off the fetters of Mahomedan custom, but it always meets with instant suppression, and cannot be taken as a sign of any deep-seated rebellious spirit. Surface alterations are creeping into the harem, but they are merely in details of home management, and do not amount to transgressions of the sacred law. The men who go out and mingle in foreign society and the lady European visitors who enter the harem, both import scraps of new fashions and tastes. Knives and forks are now generally admitted to be preferable to fingers, and vases of flowers, with handsome engravings and photographs, are disposed with a straining after prettiness, in the reception-rooms of the best houses. The piano is usurping the place of the zither and 'ood, and European music disputes favour with the threnetic minor keys of Eastern melody. These are only trifles, but they mark an awakening. But, as must always happen in similar transformations, the early results are far from satisfactory. They merely bring about a heterogeneous mixture of barbarism and civilization, which clash instead of harmonizing; senseless luxury and repulsive slovenliness elbow each other; reckless extravagance produces nothing but

gaudy display. The great question is, whether this advance will be progressive or will be forced to stop short before the bar of creed, leaving the harem the worse for its meretricious borrowings from European culture, and none the better for its backslidings from primitive traditions. The verdict will ultimately lie with the men and not with the women; and time alone can decide whether the harem will live and die with the Mahomedan race, or whether the race will abolish the harem before its disappearance. The institution of the harem is, however, so inseparably a part, and one of the principal parts, of the faith, that it seems hard to imagine its elimination as long as Moslems exist.

REVIEWS.

LORD IDDESLEIGH'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.*

A LIFE of Lord Iddesleigh, which is said to be in preparation, would only have been encumbered by quotations from his numerous lectures and addresses. It is natural that his family should wish to preserve in a convenient form the occasional fruits of his leisure. Some of the papers are not without intrinsic value, and they all derive a legitimate interest from the character of the author. His Parliamentary and official duties formed the main occupation of his life; but he readily acknowledged the claims of his friends and neighbours to any contribution which he could render to their amusement and instruction. The topics which he selected were miscellaneous, and for the most part ephemeral; and the publication of the documents would scarcely have been justified by their importance if they had been composed by an unknown man of letters. The literary recreations of a busy statesman have a better claim on general attention. Without subtlety of thought or brilliancy of style, Lord Iddesleigh possessed the taste and good sense which corresponded to the qualities which were displayed in his public career. His essays in some degree explain the universal respect and confidence with which he was regarded in the country and in Parliament. From the beginning of the present volume to the end there is neither an affected phrase nor a paradox. His language is unmistakably lucid, and his opinions, though it was scarcely possible that they should be original, always coincide with the conclusions of common sense.

In some instances, as in the essay on Desultory Reading, Lord Iddesleigh combats a prejudice which is, in one sense, popular, though it may not have originated with the people consisting of the majority of readers. The address itself, though it was delivered before the University of Edinburgh, is, like the practice which it defends, occasional and fragmentary. It can scarcely have convinced the advocates of systematic study; but a portion of the audience may perhaps have learned for the first time that something might be said for a promiscuous use and casual choice of books. All pedants and some genuine scholars cultivate and express contempt for the indolent habit of passing from one subject or author to another, as momentary inclination or as accident may direct. Many readers not wholly devoid of literary taste or critical faculties take up one book in preference to another merely because it has happened to lie on a library table, or because it contains some passage which has, when quoted, excited their curiosity or interest. It is certain that such methods will not enable the acutest of desultory students to become great mathematicians, or biologists, or authoritative historians; but Lord Iddesleigh is fully justified in preferring as a test the best mode of promoting mental culture. It is neither necessary nor desirable that all men, even if they possess intellectual ability, should become either teachers or men of profound learning. The mental as well as the bodily appetite is often most actively stimulated and most agreeably gratified by a contented enjoyment of food which happens to come in its way. It is true that there ought to be a tolerable cook and reasonable opportunities of procuring the necessary materials. A wise man, if he has a choice, will neither read a foolish book nor eat an ill-made dish; but when a few simple conditions are satisfied he is not unwilling to depend on chance for a due selection of nutriment. If valetudinarians or experimentalists think fit to weigh and measure every morsel of diet, they must content themselves with the approval of their own consciences, and they will do well to suppress their contempt for their frivolous neighbours.

Lord Iddesleigh, with a natural desire to consult propriety and decorum, objects to "the mere fingering of books without thought how they may be turned to account." He may be wise in not allowing himself to become a bookworm, but he must take care not to become what is worse—"a book-butterfly." Only a few sentences before he had borrowed from Horace a better entomological symbol in the Matinian bee to which the poet compared himself. Butterflies are regarded as less respectable than bees, because they amass no store of honey. If they could speak for themselves, they might perhaps explain that as they pass from flower to flower they get the nourishment which they require. An active and vigorous mind assimilates its food, though it may have roved apparently, like a butterfly, at random. If Lord Iddesleigh meant to say that desultory reading should be

* *Lectures and Essays.* By Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

regulated by scientific method, he abandoned his own contention. It is of the essence of desultory reading that it should not be deliberately chosen. Wordsworth, who had no great love of reading of any kind, except of his own poems, was eloquent in his vindication of desultory thinking or of occasional abstinence from thought. His friend who criticized the poet's habit of sitting idle half the day "on an old grey stone" was censured in return for his belief that "nothing of itself will come. But we must still be seeking." The desultory reader is less scrupulous in assisting the processes of nature, and he is, therefore, not equally liable to the risk of absolute barrenness. It must be assumed that his literary tastes are more or less comprehensive. A young officer in the army once said, in answer to an inquiry whether he read *Punch*, "No. You know I am not a bookworm." He was at least exempt from the stigma which has been affixed to desultory readers. It is certain that the best talkers are not "men of one book." Specialists in science or in abstruse learning only become agreeable in society when they suspend for the time their profound lucubrations.

Lord Iddesleigh's pleasant lecture on "Nothing" deserves the favourable notice with which it was originally received. He judiciously resisted the temptation of dwelling on the primeval pun or play upon words which served the purpose of Ulysses. His implied definition of Nothing is smallness of quantity or deficient intensity, rather than the opposite of something. "Masterly inactivity" is one of his approximations to Nothing, and silence is similarly regarded as the negation of speech. He acutely remarks that, although no character of Shakspeare's produces a deeper impression than Cordelia, she says little in the whole course of the play. She had no need to strain her voice, which was "ever soft and low." It seems that she has only a hundred and nine lines assigned to her from the beginning of the tragedy to the end. The subject of the lecture was suggested by a narrow escape of his own from a chance shot fired too near him, probably in a covert. He quoted the defence of a counsel for a client who had killed an innocent man by mistake for a thief. "My lord," he said, "the gentleman shot at nothing, and he missed it." Sir Stafford Northcote first used the formula in excuse for his companion in the shooting party, and afterwards, with good effect, as the peroration of his address. Other essays or speeches on common subjects exhibit the same lightness of touch. A lecture on "Names and Nicknames" contains some sagacious observations on the effect, often deliberately produced, of abusive or calumnious designations. The Puritans, for instance, called themselves "the godly" and the King's adherents "the malignants." "If a man was asked, 'Are you on the side of the godly or the malignant?' what could the man say but that he was on the side of the godly?" It would not be safe to carry the argument further. In real life the person questioned might reply that he was a cavalier or a loyal subject, and he might add the suggestion that his inquisitive friend was probably a cropeared Roundhead. It is true that the best political nomenclature consists of titles which are unmeaning or obsolete. Neither Whigs nor Tories were ashamed two or three generations ago of the names applied to them by their adversaries. In recent times there has been much idle discussion on the question whether Conservatives or Liberals have a claim to names invented by themselves. It was perhaps partly for this reason that Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, agreeing in nothing else, always called the Conservatives "Tories." It would scarcely have been possible to extend or reciprocate the practice by describing Mr. Gladstone as a Whig. Another part of the same essay, which treats of the historical significance of names, is not uninteresting. Lord Iddesleigh shows that Arthur was not a common English name, as it occurs seldom in Domesday Book, and as few surnames are derived from it. The name of the son of Geoffrey Plantagenet was, no doubt, as Lord Iddesleigh suggests, given by his mother, Constance of Brittany, after the famous Welsh and Breton hero. The eldest son of Henry VII. may have been supposed to represent the fulfilment by his father of a prophecy of Merlin's "that Richmond shall come from Brittany, and be monarch of England." The King and his sons were also Welshmen, though the Tudor sovereigns, uniting in themselves the titles of York and Lancaster, were bent rather on uniting their gallant little native province with England than in fostering its antipathy to the greater country. Lord Iddesleigh's explanation of the adoption by the Stuart Kings of the name of Charles is that "at the time when he was born Charles V. was Emperor of Germany and the most powerful and illustrious monarch of the age immediately before James. The authority for the statement is not given. It is true that in the previous age Charles V. had been powerful and famous, and it is possible that the name may have been given to the young English prince in honour of his memory. It is a curious, if not an important, fact, if it is true, that the English name of Georgiana was first given to a god-daughter of George, Prince of Denmark, and his wife Queen Anne. The name of George, though it was always common in England, is perhaps already less frequently used than in the reigns of the four kings of that name. The name of Charlotte is slowly dying out, and it is to be feared that Victoria may acquire an alien sound when it is no longer recommended by the popularity of a living Queen. Nearly all the Leopolds of the last seventy years were christened in 1816 or 1817—between the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and her death.

An essay on Molière illustrates Lord Iddesleigh's interest in French literature. A more elaborate lecture on Schools and

School Life recorded some of the opinions which he had formed as a member of a Commission of Inquiry on Public Schools. His special pursuits and his official experience add value to treatises on the study of political economy, and on "the closing of the Exchequer by Charles II. in 1672." Lord Iddesleigh mentions with natural amusement, as well as with the complacency of superior knowledge, the belief of an Attorney-General, who was afterwards Lord Chancellor, that the Exchequer was only another name for the Treasury. It is not improbable that many of the readers of the present volume may have shared the legal dignitary's delusion. The relations of the goldsmiths, now represented by the bankers, first to the Mint, and afterwards to the Exchequer, are perhaps not in general accurately known. It is interesting to be reminded that the payment which was suspended by the Crown is the nucleus or the oldest portion of the National Debt. On the whole the publication of the Essays and Letters may perhaps increase the curiosity with which the future biography will be expected. It was, perhaps, hardly worth while to preserve a few copies of occasional verses which merely represent the readiness of a kindly and accomplished gentleman to promote the amusements of his family and their friends. The highest praise which can be claimed for these poetical effusions is that they are as good as the compositions of other amateurs. It may be taken for granted that the author attached no serious importance to his pleasant and good-natured rhymes.

NEW NOVELS.

MOST modern realist novels come under the head of Literature for Medical Students, and *An Evil Spirit* is no exception to the general rule. It is an elaborate study of the physical and mental ruin of a young girl who takes to subcutaneous injections of morphia as a cure for neuralgia, is found one day by her lover rouging her face in a state of maudlin intoxication, murders him, and finally dies in a London hospital, after having gone through almost every possible form of degradation. Its author, "Mr. Richard Pryce," has been foolish enough to write a preface to this story in which he states that the truthfulness of his book must be its own apology for existing, forgetting that mere correspondence with the facts of life does not make a work of art, and that what may be excellent in the *Lancet* may be detestable in literature. It is true that the scientific spirit of our age has made physiology part of the artist's subject-matter, but there is a wide difference between method and material, and we are not yet prepared to accept the scalpel of the surgeon in exchange for the stylus of the writer. However, there is a great deal of power in *An Evil Spirit*, and some of the minor characters are well drawn. Grace Carruthers is rather namby-pamby, but Lady Fairchild, a professional invalid with a passion for quack medicines, is a capital sketch, and Mrs. Gilmour and Miss Howard, the two middle-aged sisters who live in Bayswater, and keep diaries, are quite delightful. Indeed, "Mr. Pryce" is so clever that we have no doubt that he will some day write a really readable novel. To do that, however, he must give up any idea of elevating fiction to the dignity of fact, for this is a privilege reserved for M. Zola.

Under a Delusion, by Miss Joan St. Leger, is a bright, pleasant story, that almost any one could read, at the seaside, without being bored. It makes no attempt to thrill the reader, which is always a merit in a novel, and is quite as harmless, and as amusing, as private theatricals. Two faithful lovers, who have been parted by a misunderstanding, meet, after an interval of twenty years, in an English country-house. They sulk through the first volume, and sigh through the second, and are married in the last chapter. There are several very eligible young men in the book, as well as some remarkably pretty girls; and no doubt there are a great many people who will be deeply interested in a heroine who is a Countess in her own right.

Miss Dora Russell's *Hidden in My Heart* contains a capital murder by a clergyman of the Established Church, and, for this reason at any rate, should be popular with Dissenters, as well as with those who prefer the records of crime to the results of culture. Yet, though it possesses a wicked baronet, a faithless wife, a self-sacrificing heroine, and the other *dramatis personæ* of ordinary melodramas, it is rather dull, and Miss Russell is not able to sustain the interest of the story through three volumes. With cutting and condensing, something good might be made out of *Hidden in My Heart*; but, as it stands, it is tiresome and long-winded. Everything that Miss Russell has to tell us about life could be easily contained in a volume of very moderate dimensions.

General Lew. Wallace's historical romance, *The Fair God; or, the Last of the 'Tains*, shows a great deal of industry and learning

• *An Evil Spirit*. By Richard Pryce. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

Under a Delusion. By Joan St. Leger. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

Hidden in My Heart. By Dora Russell. London: White & Co. 1887. *The Fair God; or, the Last of the 'Tains*. By Lew. Wallace. London: Warne & Co. 1887.

The Meadowsweet Comedy. By Thomas A. Pinkerton. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1887.

The Feud of Oakfield Creek. By Josiah Royce. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

and power of description. From an artistic point of view it is something between a panorama and a puppet-show; but those who find Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* heavy reading may be glad to have a popular edition of it in novel form, and to them we can safely recommend *The Fair God*. The curious thing about the book is that it is quite full of invention and quite devoid of imagination.

The bookbinder and the printer seem to have been unable to come to any agreement about the proper title of Mr. Pinkerton's story. But whether it is to be called "A Meadowsweet Comedy" or *The Meadowsweet Comedy* is a matter of little importance, as it is not a comedy at all. It is a chromo-lithographic picture of middle-class life, and displays some interesting types of character. There is a retired naval officer, who takes too much sherry; his mother-in-law, who takes too much champagne; a disreputable major, who takes too much brandy; a poet, who is in love with a washerwoman; a silly woman, who runs away with a swindler; and a country doctor, who is something between a bear and a bore, and thinks that vulgarity is the perfection of nature, and Radicalism the highest form of philosophy. The washerwoman is very charming, and is rewarded for her virtues and graces by not having to marry the poet. There is some clever, smart writing in the book, and Mr. Pinkerton is certainly not tedious, but he should not have christened his novel a comedy, for such a title is a most misleading advertisement.

The Feud of Oakfield Creek is a story of Californian, or, as the author calls it, California life, and, like most American products, is very crude in form. Mr. Josiah Royce is a well-meaning, rather heavy writer, who aims at being serious, but only succeeds in being dull. Still, he is better than the Boston school.

JAPAN.*

OUR knowledge of Japan has been built up by students of many nationalities, but the foundation of precise observation and systematic research was laid by Teutonic industry. The two great names in connexion with the Japanology of the past are those of Kaempfer and Siebold, and the spirit which inspired these men has now descended to a third *Gelehrte* of the same race, the author of the volumes before us.

Dr. Rein's work embodies the main results of two years of personal investigation in the country itself and over ten years spent in the study of the writings of specialists who have contributed to the multitude of subjects he has passed under review. The extent of the ground he has thus covered is so wide and the amount of detail he has brought together so great, that it is impossible in a single notice to offer an adequate summary of his labours; we must hence be content to enumerate the headings, and to touch here and there upon a few of the points of more general interest. The first volume, which appeared in 1881, and has since been translated into English, deals with the physical geography of the country, in the widest sense of the term, and with the history and ethnography of the people; while the concluding part, just issued, aims at nothing less than a general and technical description of the whole range of Japanese agriculture, mining, and industrial arts. The fine arts proper (including architecture) alone are left untouched.

The earlier volume, after a lapse of six busy years, is necessarily in want of some revision and a few material additions; nevertheless, the greater part of the information is on record for the first time, and although much may be added by future workers, it must be long before Dr. Rein's account can be superseded. The details with regard to coast formation, geology, orography, and hydrography, are especially full, and it is to be hoped that the compilers of some of our school-books of "Geography" will make use of the information to correct those inexcusable errors and shortcomings which have been responsible for most of the popular misconceptions that still exist with respect to Japan. To revert to our author, we find the discussion of climate as complete as the facts ascertainable up to the date of publication would allow, but it is now thrown in arrears, not only by the records added during the last few years, but by the greatly improved scientific appliances at the command of the observer. Japanese seismology, too, has made immense strides in the same period. The pages devoted to the flora are strengthened by the authority and the labours of Kaempfer, Thunberg, Siebold, Savatier, Vidal, Dickens, Kramer, Zuccarini, the Hookers, and many others, and have been digested with a care and understanding that leaves little to be desired. The same thoroughness appears in the account of the fauna; but the more recent investigations of Blakiston and Pryer upon the birds, and of the latter author upon the Lepidoptera, will provide matter for a new edition; and Blyth's monograph upon the natural history of the cranes might be consulted with advantage to the ornithological subdivision.

Passing on to the less technical portion of the work, "The Japanese People, their History, Civilization, and Social Condition," we come to a dissertation, of which every page will offer something of interest to the general as well as to the scientific reader. The only fault to be found with the author is that he has shown an excessive respect for the sources of his history, and has in places followed too closely the style of the Japanese historical compo-

sitions. His first period extends from the Emperor Jimmu to the Emperor Kwammu, or from 660 B.C. to 794 A.D. Now it is true that the year 1 of the Japanese calendar is that assigned to the accession of the Emperor Jimmu, over two thousand five hundred years ago; but it cannot be too strongly impressed that at least ten centuries of this long term of historic existence must be struck off as an era of myth and more or less untrustworthy tradition. The earliest written records extant are no older than the eighth century A.D., and there is no reason to believe that the Japanese had acquired a knowledge of the art of writing until about two hundred years before this date. It is, indeed, not until the beginning of the fifth century that the accepted chronology ceases to be self-contradictory, and that events are registered in a manner that justifies even a modicum of credence. This fact is the more unfortunate since a large portion of the generally accepted statements with reference to the origin of the various arts crumble into dust with the fall of the foundation upon which they have been raised. The Japanese, viewed from the historical standpoint, are not an ancient people; but beyond the certainty that they are not the aborigines of the land they govern, and strong evidence that their antecedents were those of barbarous races, we only know that we know nothing. We are profoundly ignorant as to whence they came and when they came; but, as pointed out by Chamberlain in the introduction to his translation of the "Kojiki" (*Trans. As. Soc. of Japan*, 1884), their own records tend to prove that they brought with them no knowledge of writing, and possessed no rudiments of those accomplishments in the arts and sciences that they acquired so successfully at a comparatively recent period from their neighbours the Koreans and Chinese. We are not even sure as to the date of their first intercourse with the outer world. Ma Touan-lin, a Chinese scholar of the thirteenth century, gives an account of embassies sent from Japan to China in 107 A.D., 246 A.D., and 265 A.D.; but the names of the princes represented by the envoys on these occasions do not correspond to those set forth in Japanese writings, and it is not until we reach the fifth century A.D. that the Japanese and Chinese relations begin to agree. It is hence probable that the higher Japanese education did not begin until the latter date, but that the elevation of the people from the primitive state half revealed to us in the traditions preserved by the author or authors of their most ancient book, the "Kojiki," was initiated at a much earlier period as a result of repeated, though not very intimate, contact with the highly cultivated and accomplished nations that peopled the great Middle Kingdom and the Korean peninsula.

The portion of Dr. Rein's history which extends from the foundation of the capital of Kioto in 794 A.D. to the Perry expedition in 1854 is clearly stated and well arranged, and is as trustworthy as the present resources of the foreigner will allow. The story as it stands in the original is not a very instructive or amusing one; it is wearisome, indeed, to plod through the timid and arid relations of the doings of venal politicians, puppet rulers, and ambitious soldiers, of unjustifiable wars and wretched intrigues, while the true progress of the people, the development of laws, letters, art, and industry, everything, in fact, that can give the Land of the Rising Sun a place amongst nations, is neglected as beneath the notice of the poor halting *Olio* of old Japan. Some day perhaps a native Gibbon will arise to collect and sift the immense fund of material at present buried in the public and private storehouses of the country, and then set forth in graphic language and with scholarly accuracy and completeness all that deserves to be told. A hint as to method has already been offered by our own countryman, Mr. W. G. Aston, who has thrown much light upon the true character of Hideyoshi, the low-born soldier of fortune who brought under subjection the proud barons of Japan, and crushed perhaps for ever the country that had once been the main agent in bringing literature, art, religion, almost all that was worth having, to his own; but this is only a chapter of what must be a very large book.

The seventh and last of Dr. Rein's periods, reaching from 1854 to 1880, is of much greater interest, but here he was within touch of the times he has described, and was able to acquire his facts not only from books, but from direct intercourse with persons concerned in the stirring events that must always constitute the most remarkable phase of Japanese history. He has indeed given us the most thoughtful and temperate exposition of the present condition of this enterprising people that has yet been written. What the future of Japan is to be it is hard to say; but the facts laid before us by Dr. Rein point to the conclusion that all the courage, ingenuity, and adaptiveness of the people can scarcely enable the nation to cope with China so soon as the prediction of the Marquis Ts'eng is accomplished and the giant awakens to a sense of his own power and his own interests. The present policy of the Japanese Government, however, is not merely a wise one; it is essential to the preservation of national existence in the altered times that are to come; and it may be productive of noble ends.

Das Alte stürzt, es ändert sich die Zeit,
Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen.

In dealing with the question of ethnography, our author divides the inhabitants into two classes, the Ainos and the Japanese, and enters fully into the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of each; but no allusion is made to the race of cave-dwellers who, as suggested by Professor Milne, may be the true aborigines of Japan, and were able to snatch a precarious livelihood until they were gradually done to death by the successive invasions of the

* Japan nach Reisen und Studien dargestellt von J. J. Rein, Professor der Geographie an der Universität Bonn. 2 vols. Leipzig: Engelmann.

main island by the Ainos from the north and the "Japanese" from the south and south-west. The very recent researches of Mr. Chamberlain, the newly-appointed Professor of Japanese Philology in the University of Tokio, will furnish Dr. Rein with much important information upon the subject of the Ainos. It is to be feared that they must be regarded as a people for whom there is little hope. Idle, unclean, ignorant, of very limited intelligence, with scarce a tradition of the past, a care for the present, or a thought of the future, they can hardly escape the fate of the weaker in the struggle for existence. Even the preservation of some traces of their blood by intermarriage with the prevailing race can scarcely be anticipated, since it has been shown that the product of the hybrid union quickly dies out, and we can only surmise that, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, the hairy men and women will be tolerated and despised till their gradual extinction leaves their frigid territory entirely to the better energies of their conquerors.

The diet of the Japanese gives occasion for some curious comments. The staple of the food in the most densely-populated parts of the country is rice; but this in other places is supplemented or replaced by millet, beans, wheat, and other forms of agricultural produce. In addition to the vegetable food, fish is largely consumed by the inhabitants of places within easy reach of the coast, and in the interior wild animals are sacrificed to the appetite of those who are not deterred from the indulgence by Buddhist scruples. The absence of milk is a noteworthy feature; for the want is in great measure responsible for the habit of prolonged lactation that tends so much to bring premature senility upon the women and impede the normal multiplication of the race. It is noteworthy that Japanese educated in Europe are trying to persuade their countrymen to eat more flesh.

Of the second volume of Dr. Rein's book it would be difficult to give an accurate idea without a series of reviews dealing separately with each section. Within 650 closely-printed pages have been compressed an enormous number of well-verified facts, no small proportion of which may be claimed by the author as fruits of original inquiry. Agriculture, with the associated industries, is scientifically treated; elaborate accounts are given of the kinds of food produce, and the cultivation and preparation of tea, a plant introduced from China in the eighth century, and first employed medicinally as a drug to strengthen the heart and dispel untoward drowsiness; the growth of tobacco, a luxury for which the Japanese were indebted to "Southern Barbarians" at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which they enjoy by swallowing the smoke drawn from repeated charges of a microscopic pipe-bowl; the breeding of the silkworm; and the manufacture of silk and other textile fabrics, are all laid before us with a conscientiousness for which we have much reason to be grateful. Forestry and gardening are then treated, and there is a suggestive chapter upon the acclimatization and diffusion of Japanese plants. The author has systematically avoided the consideration of the æsthetic qualities of Japanese handiwork, otherwise he might have given us and his own countrymen a well-deserved lesson upon the miserable commonplace of our smaller gardens by showing what the humble *uyeki-ya* of the Far East will do with a patch of ground no larger than a smoking-room; how he will throw up ranges of miniature hills, trace winding pathways around their feet and to their summit, suggest beetling crags, purling streams, and silvery cascades by a few artistically selected and artfully arranged stones such as only the Japanese seem able to unearth; and then give life to the scene by wonderful evergreen treelets, some gnarled and tortured as by centuries of conflict with the elements, others spreading out a luxury of foliage that casts a shade as large as a parasol, or towering into the sky for a score of inches, while here and there patches of brilliant golden or crimson flowers spring up, as it were, spontaneously in their seasons to brighten the tiny landscape throughout the year. It is to be hoped that some one will ere long teach us the secret of all this magic, for there is no chapter in Japanese art that might be made more attractive and more adaptable than that which treats of horticultural design.

The mineral resources are discussed from a standpoint of especial authority by Dr. Rein, and we learn a vast amount concerning the output of coal, of iron, of gold and silver, and other forms of wealth that have been found in the still imperfectly-explored crust of Japan, and tables are given to show the exact quantity and value of each kind of produce in the various provinces during the years 1877 to 1881. The great art-industries are next reported upon, and, as in the case of all the matter in this second volume, the information is brought down to the latest possible date. The manufacture of lacquer in all its forms, of pottery and porcelain, of enamels, of sculptured work in wood, ivory, metal, and other substances, is treated, from the scientific aspect, with an infinity of detail, and illustrated by carefully-executed plates. Lastly, the commercial relations of Japan with the outer world are reviewed, from the discovery of the country by the much-belied Mendez Pinto in 1542 to the present time. As to the earlier trade intercourse with China and Korea, we are yet too scantily supplied with facts to offer more than a generalization; but there is no doubt that the importation of metal-work, jade, pottery, medicines, paper, silk, and many other things was carried on pretty extensively from the sixth century, or sooner, and not a few of the articles so introduced have been described in recent years as examples of archaic native produce. It is at least certain that the material of the curious-shaped and polished stones that have been found in association with prehistoric pottery is foreign to Japan, and the workmanship of some

of the arms, bells, and other metallic antiquities disinterred from time to time in certain of the provinces indicates Korean processes and design. This ancient Turanian commerce is, however, a matter of conjecture, but the trade with the Portuguese, the Dutch, and more recently with the rest of Europe and with America, is historical, and the facts are now told to us in good historic style. At the present time the commerce is expanding, and it may be long before the limit is reached. The prodigious market for products of industrial art promises well, but in this direction the Japanese trader is endangering his prospects by his low opinion of the artistic judgment of his European and American clients, for he allows the average quality and workmanship of his ware to fall year by year, while the taste of those to whom he looks for support is slowly but surely advancing. Admirable work can indeed be done for the few who are rich enough to pay large prices, and who prefer elaborate ornamentation to the grand simplicity of design that characterized the older work of China; but this will do little towards maintaining the tens of thousands of artisans now labouring in the potteries and lacquer factories of Japan. The exports in silk—the main resource of the country—in copper, coal, camphor, tea, and rice, also show a distinct advance during the last five years; but there are many things that may imperil gravely any of these outlets, and it behoves the merchants, who even yet do not appear sufficiently alive to their broader interests, to look to their future as well as to their present profit.

SKAT.*

IN spite of the English imprint on the title-page of Mr. Lemcke's treatise on *Skat*, it is apparent from the preface that it was written for American consumption, and that the attempt to popularize the game in England was an afterthought. Indeed the very type in which the little volume is printed is American, and, for that matter, highly to be commended for its sharpness and clearness of impression. Mr. Lemcke appeals, fairly enough, for indulgent treatment by his readers, on the ground that he handles a very German subject in a language acquired late in life, and that it is difficult to preserve the flavour of humour in the translating process. As a further recommendation he embodies in the present work a review of the first edition from the *New York Nation*, and also a translation of a short notice of it which appeared in German in the *Brooklyn Neue Freie Presse*. A bibliography of some thirty works on the subject, published between 1876 and 1886 in Germany, is sufficient proof that in the country of its origin the game has made considerable progress in popularity, while mere patriotism will no doubt ensure its rapid extension among the sons of the Fatherland on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Lemcke may be justified in claiming that *Skat*—which, by the way, should be pronounced with the "a" long, as in father—is as many-sided and full of surprises as any gambling game, and yet is not by any means one itself, but promotes sociability even when played by sedate people. It may be true that among his country-folk its popularity has resulted in the almost entire exclusion of Whist and all other games of cards. But it is a little too much to expect that a similar result will follow in England. The jargon and the humour of the game are essentially German, and, as Mr. Lemcke admits, are all but impossible to render into another tongue. The relative value of the cards runs counter to our preconceived notions, and the difficulty of mastering and retaining the manifold technicalities of the game is likely to choke off beginners. The devotees of Whist need not be under any apprehension that the supremacy of their favourite game is seriously assailed, and it will probably be some time before it will be found necessary to follow the example of Altenburg and of Brooklyn by holding a *Skat* Congress in London. Those, however, and they are at all times numerous, who are always in search of something new, and who have the necessary amount of time and patience at their disposal, will undoubtedly find plenty of variety and sufficient exercise for their memory and judgment in the study and practice of this new game.

Mr. Lemcke does not claim for *Skat* an antiquity of more than sixty years, though its precise origin and etymology are already shrouded in Teutonic myth. Some consider the name to be derived from *Schatz*, in allusion to the two cards put aside, which are a treasure for one of the players; others take the less poetical view that the word is a corruption of the Wendish game of *Schafskopf*. *Skat* is played with a short pack of thirty-two cards; three persons only can join actively in each game, if more want to play, they must wait their turn to cut in. One hand, who is called the *player*, plays against the other two, who are temporary partners in opposition to him, just as in three-handed *Euchre*, where the one who "makes trumps" has to play singly against the other two jointly. In *Skat* tricks have no numerical value except for the cards contained in them—i.e. it is a game of pips, not of tricks. The cards have a point value different from their trumping power—the Knives, for instance, being the highest trumping cards, but only counting two each in reckoning up the score. As a recommendation, presumably, to American prejudice, Mr. Lemcke somewhat absurdly calls *Skat* a democratic game, and even avers that it has been long despised in Court circles because

* *An Illustrated Grammar of Skat, the German Game of Cards.* By Ernst Eduard Lemcke. Second edition, greatly enlarged. London: Grevel & Co. 1887.

in it a *Bauer* (Knave) beats a King. If he meant to be taken seriously on this point, it is a pity that he did not rewrite his preface for the English edition. The four suits are always of graded value, the two black ones being the highest, with Clubs as the best, Hearts coming third, and Diamonds fourth. The four Knaves, which are always Trumps—another analogy with *Euchre*—follow the same order in trumping power, Jack of Clubs always highest, Jack of Diamonds lowest. The point or pip value of the cards of each suit is as follows:—Jacks = 2, Aces = 11, Tens = 10, King = 4, Queens = 3, or 120 points in all. Nines, Eights, and Sevens are called *Ladons*, and do not count at all. The reckoning of the value of each hand is further complicated by the circumstance of the player holding or not holding an unbroken sequence of Trumps from the Jack of Clubs downwards. These cards are called *Matadors*, and it is a peculiarity of this game that the unbroken sequence counts for the player just as well when it is not held as when it is held by him—for instance, a hand with no Jacks is a high game. The cards are dealt, ten to each player, two being laid aside, face downwards, “in the Skat.” The use made of these two cards determines the two different methods of playing; with the Skat (simple game and tourna) or without the Skat (solo, nullo, and grando). For detailed explanation of these terms the learner must refer to Mr. Lemcke’s rules, as they involve too many complications to explain within the limits of an article. The number of possible combinations is stated to be exceedingly great, so much so that it has been computed that a party playing since the day of creation could not have yet exhausted them all. In playing with the Skat the “player” has the right to take these two cards, and to discard two others, whichever he can best spare, before beginning the game; in playing without the Skat the “player” makes no use of these cards in his play, but afterwards adds to his score whatever points they may contain. The privilege of *playing the game* is bid for at the beginning of each game. Whoever offers to play in a better suit, according to the table of valuation of games, than all the others, secures the privilege, and must score more than half of the 120 points contained in all the counting cards. The game accordingly begins by the first-in-hand being driven or bid up by the second hand, the others each in turn having an opportunity of making a higher bid. It is not always advisable to bid in your best suit, or in the one which you propose to make trumps, in order not to disclose your cards and to retain the chance of playing in a better suit, if the cards found in the Skat warrant it. The bidder, however, is precluded from making trumps of any suit inferior to the one to which he has committed himself in bidding. No one is obliged to bid if he does not hold cards good enough; in this case he passes, and, if all three hands pass, fresh hands are dealt all round. In play each hand must follow suit as long as he can, but may trump or not as he chooses when unable to follow suit. The object of play, as explained above, is not to make as many tricks as possible, but to get into the tricks as many high counting cards as possible so as to secure 61 points. Hence two tricks, containing one ace and two tens each, are sufficient to win the game. It is, therefore, good policy for the third hand to “dump,” or throw away, into his partner’s trick high counting cards which might otherwise be taken by the player. Promptitude of decision is an essential qualification for a good Skat player, as it is necessary for him to estimate correctly on a cursory view of his hand what is the highest game that he may safely offer to win; to bid more than there is a fair chance of making is as detrimental as to play a lower game than the cards in hand ought to be made to yield. A similar principle holds good in the games of *Euchre* and *Nap*, but it must be admitted that it is developed to a far greater extent in Skat, by reason of the infinite variety of complications in the latter game. A very peculiar variety of play is when the player undertakes to make *Nullo*; in this case nearly all the general principles of Skat are reversed; the player must make no tricks at all, and in this hand alone the cards count as in *Whist*; there are no trumps, and the knaves take their places in their own suits. The object and mode of play in *Nullo* are so contrary to the usual game that Mr. Lemcke regards it as an afterthought, invented to afford an unusually poor hand a chance of turning bad luck to some account.

A book written by a German must almost of necessity attempt to be scientific in its arrangement. Mr. Lemcke aims at effecting this with indifferent success. Having called his treatise a grammar on the title-page, he proceeds to divide it into two parts. Part I, which is simply a second edition of his *Skat Primer*, is designated *Orthography and Etymology*, as dealing with the origin, general principles, and rules of the game. Part II is called *Syntax and Prosody*, apparently on the strength of its containing a few pages of model games, which would no doubt be very instructive to any one who had the patience to work them out with a pack of cards before him. The rest of the part is made up of a digression on German playing cards, a glossary of no less than eleven Skat terms (of which eight have been incidentally explained, and the remaining three are common to all games of cards), another digression on the observance of Sunday in Germany, and a quotation of four pages from the *Buchholz Family*, describing a card-party, where, however, the game played was not Skat at all, but *Boston*, a very different affair. The digression on German cards, though a piece of pure padding as applied to the game of Skat in particular, is not without interest as calling our attention to the variety which foreigners have introduced into the manner of representing the face-value of cards. We in England have

adhered with persistent uniformity to hearts, diamonds, spades, and clubs, though the almost obsolete game of *Quadrille* embalms for us some of the old Spanish designations, nowadays depicted in that country as swords and sticks, cups and gold. Mr. Lemcke gives on a double frontispiece two specimens of fanciful German humour in the shape of designs for “*Luxus-Carten*” presented by the Art-industries of Germany to the Crown Prince and Princess on their silver wedding. Not only the court cards but the spot cards as well show fully executed figures. In one set of designs the suits are Acorns, Green, Red, and Bells, each having its significance; Acorns being assigned to soldiers ambitious of the oaken garland; Green (leaves) are the hunter’s suit; Bells—represented like sleigh-bells—are illustrated from merchants’ and farmers’ life; while Red (hearts) are naturally attended by turtle doves and Cupid’s bow. The other set of designs are less fanciful, but have perhaps higher artistic merit.

BOOKS ABOUT PLANTS.*

PLAYING AT BOTANY is written for young children, with the express purpose of arousing their interest in the flowers commonly met with in our fields and lanes, and “to familiarize children with the sound of a few of the hard words which, at first starting, make Botany appear so unapproachable to small people.” The plan adopted is to make each flower tell its own story to two typical “small people,” and the idea of the fairy tale is thus introduced into the work. The most severe critic could scarcely object to the first part of the writer’s aim; whether it is worth while to trouble children with any of the “hard words” at all might be matter of opinion. It is but fair to add that many of the difficulties have been surmounted. Twelve common flowers are told off to give the simple lectures, and, on the whole, we need not quarrel with the types selected; perhaps a hyacinth would have been better than an orchis, but the choice of types is admittedly not easy. But now, allowing that the intention of the book is excellent, and that much ingenuity is displayed in parts of it, we take the opportunity of pointing out one or two very serious blemishes, and we do this in a spirit of sincere sympathy with the design of the work, and not wanting in knowledge of the great difficulties to be overcome in teaching scientific ideas to children.

In the first place, it would have been much better to play in earnest, and avoid the faulty schedules at the end of each chapter; they look difficult, and they are wanting in balance and accuracy. Secondly, it would have been quite as easy to avoid some of the “hard names” introduced, as those (properly) omitted, and, in spite of the author’s remark in the preface, we think it would have been an advantage. Finally, there are some unpardonable errors in the book, putting into the little readers’ heads ideas which will only have to be got rid of later—every real teacher knows how difficult the getting rid of them is. “For these tiny root-hairs have little mouths which suck up the moisture from the ground” (p. 16). This unfortunate sentence will do very well to hang our remarks upon. The context shows that the author does not here refer to the root-hairs; and if she did, they are not possessed of any such organs as mouths; and, moreover, the child’s imagination will cling to that fatal word suction with a persistency beyond the talents of most subsequent teachers. There is confusion in the writer’s mind, and it will become worse confounded in that of the little reader. The error recurs—e.g. pp. 42, 43, 170, 200, and 215—and it seriously blocks the way to the subsequent understanding of how plants obtain their food-materials and water. Another unfortunate misapprehension recurs on pp. 27, 57, 109, 159, and 192. To state that the pollen travels down the style and becomes changed into the seed is not only grossly inaccurate, but is calculated to interfere permanently with an understanding of the true state of affairs. There are other errors; but the above will serve to show what we mean by pointing out how dangerous it may be to play at botany, unless every care is taken on the part of those who start the game.

Of course we assume that the writer of the book is in earnest, and frankly assure her that we shall be glad to welcome an edition with the ideas more carefully worked out and the errors expunged; for we see no reason why children should not be taught to play intelligently with natural objects as with manufactured toys.

Perhaps the increased interest in the cultivation of flowers, which amounts to a passion in these days, is in no way better measured than by the number of books which appear every year on the subject; these books must obtain readers, or their production would not continue at the rate it does. Moreover, it is not easy to suppose that people buy such books merely to read them as they might peruse novels; they must, presumably, be used with reference to the actual plants themselves growing in the gardens. The present work is admirably suited for its purpose, as a practical guide to the culture of flowering plants in borders, beds, &c., in gardens in this country. The reader is told in simple, straightforward language not only what are the plants to use, but also how to group them in the most approved manner. The author treats his particular branch of horticulture as an art,

* *Playing at Botany*. By Phæbe Allen. London: Hatchards.

Handy-book of the Flower Garden. By David Thomson. Fourth edition. London: Blackwood. 1887.

and an art, moreover, which is not wanting in complexity. The skill necessary to group and keep in order the plants used for what is termed "carpet-bedding," for instance, is by no means of a low order; not only must the gardener know the plants—their habits, colours, heights, time of flowering, and the effect of their flowers and foliage *en masse*—but he also needs to know how to depress the level of the soil for some, to raise it for others, what soil to use, and so forth, in long detail. Now such art depends on principles which have only been gained by long and varied experience; the fact that horticulture is a very old art is connected with the fact that it is becoming an exceedingly complicated one—so much so, indeed, that gardeners are becoming specialists in its various branches.

Personally we do not care for the artificial garden of the century, but that does not blind us to the truth that those who do will find in Mr. Thomson's little book extremely useful hints on the plants most suitable to use in beds, and on their general treatment, propagation, preservation through the winter, planting out, and so forth, as well as designs illustrative of possible groupings and illustrations derived from actual and celebrated ones. But this does not exhaust the scope of the book, and we are very glad to see that several chapters are devoted to careful and simple directions as to the stocking and treatment of the hardy herbaceous flower-garden, including the cultivation of bulbs, ornamental grasses and shrubs, &c. The select lists of plants appear to be good, and are certainly useful, because, while including noteworthy modern acquisitions to the flower-garden, they are not exclusive of such old-fashioned and useful flowers as the wall-flower, Christmas rose, and many other favourites. Another excellent feature in this sensibly written book consists in the simple directions to amateurs for making the most of what appliances, soils, and situations they have, instead of basing the information on the assumption that every reader has the latest apparatus and ideal surroundings. We have little hesitation in recommending the book as sound and useful to gardeners.

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Pater has allowed a very much shorter time to pass between the publication of *Marius the Epicurean* and the publication of *Imaginary Portraits* than that which passed between *Studies of the Renaissance* and *Marius the Epicurean*, the least friendly critic, if he be troubled with any sense of exactitude, will hardly charge him with hasty work in his present volume. It is, moreover, much slighter in bulk, though not in execution, than *Marius*, and may be said to have in some sort the character of "chips" from the author's workshop—specimens in little of his thought and manner of working rather than elaborately planned pieces. There is, however, a further advance in it. There were some who, rightly or wrongly, objected to the *Studies* an over-lavish use of the adjective. This had by consent of most competent judges disappeared in *Marius*. But then there were those who complained of a too abstract and remote character of thought, and of a length greater than altogether suited with the absence of action and of story interest in a book which nevertheless was arranged in the form of a story and ran to two volumes. Mr. Pater is probably less to be suspected than another of erring with the old man in the fable, and determining that the public shall be made to like him yet by changes in his manner of presenting himself to the public. But it is certain that *Imaginary Portraits* protects itself against both the charges referred to immediately above. It is almost more carefully chastened and subdued in style than *Marius*, while its four subdivisions scarcely average forty pages each, and as each deals with separate subject-matter, ought not to prove too sustained for any one who can appreciate Mr. Pater's manner at all. Of course there are some who are in the case of not being able to appreciate it at all; but in that case the resource is obvious. They need not read the book.

Mr. Pater, we believe, is by no means of those who either sincerely or humorously adopt what may be metaphorically called the broomstick doctrine as to style—who declare (again either in sincerity or humour) that "nothing depends on the subject." His four subjects are sufficiently varied, and we at least find two of them much more interesting than the other two. "A Prince of Court Painters" deals with the life and work of Watteau, recounted in a series of letters by the sister of a certain pupil and successor of his, who is none the less recognizable that the author does not, we think, anywhere name him. The second, "Denys l'Auxerois," is a kind of clothing of the myths of Dionysus with mediæval dress. The third, "Sebastian van Storck," deals with Dutch life in the seventeenth century, and the fourth, "Duke Carl of Rosenmold," with those early German devotees of *Aesthetik* who produced directly the generation of Wieland, Lessing, and Herder, and indirectly that of Goethe himself. The two latter are distinctly, to our thinking, the less interesting, and, as there is no inferiority of execution, the subjects must be to blame, assuming (which is, of course, *ex hypothesi*) that we are not to blame ourselves. The Spinozism of "Sebastian" makes rather a difficult motive for what is, after all, a story. And we have, we confess, always thought that there was a certain touch of the fribble in your German aesthetic of the last century, even in the great Winckelmann himself—a touch which is partly suggested

here, though the end (which is also the beginning) of the portrait-story is as romantic as need be.

No such objections apply to the other two, which are capital pieces of work. It is almost needless to repeat the warning that, though Mr. Pater is in some respects less deliberately and elaborately non-popular than in *Marius*, he lays himself out almost as little as ever for the hasty reader. There is incident in both pieces, but it is suggested and alluded to rather than related; there is moral and meaning, but neither stares one in the face; and the style, though as far as possible from being either tricky or obscure, is not of the kind that can be savoured without *recueillement*. The Watteau piece is supposed to be taken from the journal of Watteau's friend (to say nothing more) and secret benefactress, the daughter of his godfather in the town of Valenciennes. Almost the whole attraction here lies in the portrait proper—the building up, by successive touches, of the painter's character. His ambitions, his irregular desires, his elaboration of and dissatisfaction with a "new manner" of painting, his curious sublimation of apparent frivolity, his disappointment in his own art, his patronage and dismissal of his pupil "Jean Baptiste," his death, are all touched in with really remarkable grace, though the total effect may be too sober in colour to please some people. It pleases us, because it is a very excellent instance of real realism, instead of the stuff, alternately foul and glaring, which generally goes under that name. It is, indeed, possible that some people who have been accustomed to regard Watteau as a merely frivolous artist may be surprised and a little puzzled at Mr. Pater's delineation. But to those who are tolerably well acquainted with the history of art it will be no news that more critics than one have discovered in the apparently light work of this French-Flemish school of decorative painters—in Watteau's fêtes, in Pater's wall-pieces, even in Latour's pastels of the frail and fair—a remarkable mixture of melancholy suggestion, of the contrast which Etty (the only Englishman who might have continued their work) put in the famous picture of "Youth at the Prow." With the younger school of French romantic poets "L'embarquement pour Cythère" has been a favourite subject for treatment in this style, and their work gives, in part at least, the literary keynote to Mr. Pater's portrait of Watteau. This is, however, it should be said, itself carefully differentiated in handling, and approaches the question from another side.

"Denys l'Auxerois" is quite different. It is, as we have said, a kind of revival of the Dionysiac myths thrown upon a background of the thirteenth century. A youth of unfortunate and not certainly known origin appears as a popular favourite in the town during a series of extraordinary wine seasons, initiating a kind of Bacchanalia, stage plays and all. After a time carelessly fledged, evil days come; Denys becomes as unpopular as he has been popular, his life is threatened, and he is saved chiefly by taking to the cloister. Here from vine-grower he becomes organ-builder, and at last, taking part once more in one of his old pageants, is torn to pieces by the people in a more than half-unconscious burst of frenzy. Put thus in a matter of bald argument, the story may seem wild enough. But, fantastic as it is, Mr. Pater has been no less successful in rendering it than he has been in rendering the more matter-of-fact journalizings of the Flemish damsel concerning Watteau. Few may recognize the skill with which he has adapted and combined the various traditional elements of the Dionysiac character; fewer, perhaps, the exactness of his adjustment of these to mediæval conditions. But the most competent judges of both are likely to give him the highest praise, and, independently of this, the effect of the story, putting these more technical points aside, is very good, and capable of being discerned without any *expertise*. Of the manner we may give a specimen:—

Meantime the people, even his enemies, seemed to have forgotten him. Enemies, in truth, they still were, ready to take his life should the opportunity come, as he perceived when at last he ventured forth on a day of public ceremony. The bishop was to pronounce a blessing upon the foundations of a new bridge, designed to take the place of the ancient Roman bridge which, repaired in a thousand places, had hitherto served for the chief passage of the Yonne. It was as if the disturbing of that time-worn masonry let out the black spectres of departed times. Deep down, at the core of the central pile, a painful object was exposed—the skeleton of a child, placed there alive, it was rightly surmised, in the superstitious belief that, by way of vicarious substitution, its death would secure the safety of all who should pass over. There were some who found themselves, with a little surprise, looking round as if for a similar pledge of security in their new undertaking. It was just then that Denys was seen plainly, standing, in all essential features precisely as of old, upon one of the great stones prepared for the foundation of the new building. For a moment he felt the eyes of the people upon him full of this strange humour, and with characteristic alertness, after a rapid gaze over the gray city in its broad green frame of vineyards, best seen from this spot, flung himself down into the water and disappeared from view where the stream flowed most swiftly below a row of flour-mills. Some indeed fancied they had seen him emerge again safely on the deck of one of the great boats, loaded with grapes and wreathed triumphantly with flowers like a floating garden, which were then bringing down the vintage from the country; but generally the people believed their strange enemy now at last departed for ever.

The two remaining stories, as we have said, please us less; but, as we have also said, this depends so much on the subject that happily they may please others more. We do not object in such pieces as these, which are not intended for railway reading, to the requirement of a certain effort on the part of the reader, but in "Sebastian van Storck" this effort is perhaps rather too continuously demanded in order to retain a concrete notion of the dreamy philosopher Sebastian. No objection of this kind can be made to

* *Imaginary Portraits*. By Walter Pater. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

the last piece, the only fault in which, if it be a fault, has been already noted. The curious Frenchified German Courts of the early eighteenth century, the notion of a possible "German Apollo" dawning on an ambitious and generous young man, his falling back through French ideals to classical—really classical—studies, his exchange of all this for the ordinary paradise of a beggar-maid's love and the tragical close thereof:—all this is told or hinted at with the same skill as in the first and second stories, and it may be to some with the same interest.

The distinctive merit and characteristic of the whole book will be missed if the reader does not appreciate what the author has evidently tried to do. He must not consider himself as listening to a tale-teller, but as watching an artist gradually adding stroke to stroke, and producing, not so much a successive effect, as in narration, but a combined and total impression, as in drawing. It is, of course, open to any one to contend that this aiming at a mixture of *pictura* and *poesis*, or rather at a method half-way between the two, is too eccentric and too little universal to be wholly justifiable. We shall go so far as to admit that it can never be widely practised, and that, practised unskillfully, it would be very nearly intolerable. But then it is not likely to be widely practised, and in Mr. Pater's hands it is practised very skilfully indeed. As opposed to the often mis-called "analysis" popular nowadays, it is distinctly synthetic. Instead of pulling to pieces, it builds up. Besides, it pays the reader the compliment of expecting him to be able to do a considerable part of the work, and of understanding the game sufficiently to anticipate, or at least to seize at once, the players' strokes. This is an agreeable compliment, and one of a kind which in these days of saying everything, and a great deal more than everything, the said reader is by no means in the habit of receiving.

RHODES IN MODERN TIMES.*

MR. TORR has apparently set himself the task of telling the history of Rhodes from first to last; his exhaustive monograph on Ancient Rhodes has now been supplemented by a history of that island in modern times, and again, though by no means so exhaustively, he has treated his subject in that systematic fashion which perhaps finds more favour in Germany than with us. On the subject of more special interest in connexion with modern Rhodes—namely, the history of the Knights—Mr. Torr is perhaps intentionally less diffusive, and whilst he credits Bosio with being the only trustworthy historian of the Rhodian episodes in the annals of the Knights, he at the same time tells us that there is much material now to hand which Bosio had not access to. "In fact," concludes Mr. Torr, "anything approaching an authentic history of the Knights has yet to be written." In his chapter on "Learning" Mr. Torr enumerates the documents available for this history existing at Valetta and elsewhere, the title-deeds, the books of records, the *Libri Bullarum*, and the Statutes; and it is to be hoped that when Mr. Torr has devoted as careful a perusal to these as he has to the material for other periods, he will supply the above-mentioned deficiency, and then, and not till then, will his task be concluded.

Mr. Torr's system of narration certainly has the merit of novelty. His book is divided into five portions—the historical, the social, the religious, the artistic, and the literary—the social and artistic portions are excessively engrossing; but under Mr. Torr's treatment history and religion suffer considerably by being remorselessly denuded of life, and the ordinary reader whose mind is not so thoroughly steeped in Rhodian lore as the author's will experience some difficulty in chronologically arranging his social and artistic facts, so as to have them historically accurate. In some respects Mr. Torr's system is much more impressive; for example, we have all the earthquakes put together, and in their awful continuity they make much more impression upon us than if we only had one every ten pages, and we can realize thus more easily how successive disasters have succeeded in obliterating the glories of the past. On two points Mr. Torr, like all modern historians of all periods, succeeds in proving to us that we must unlearn much that we learnt in childhood, for he satisfactorily proves that the Colossus was "in no way remarkable," and that the story of its bestriding the harbour mouth was a mediæval myth, and again he produces facts to prove that l'Île Adam, the Grand Master of the Knights during the last siege, was by no means the hero we before imagined him to be. "l'Île Adam," says Mr. Torr, "simply allowed himself to be shut up in the city, and sent for help, and made not the slightest use of the five castles. During that important month's delay before the Sultan's arrival he would do nothing, in spite of the protests of the Chancellor Andren d'Amaral . . . and the success of the artillery, and the engineering which prolonged the defence, was due not to l'Île Adam, but to Prejean de Bidoux and Gabriel di Martinengo."

Mr. Torr brings out very well the importance of Rhodes as a military centre, and shows how the Turks used every effort to possess themselves of this, to them, all-important maritime fortress; for a power wishing to be dominant at the same time in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Constantinople could not allow Rhodes to be

garrisoned by a hostile force, and its harbour to contain a fleet which could command the narrow outlets from the Ægean Sea. Since the decay of Turkey and the independence of Egypt the strategical value of Rhodes has considerably diminished; but it is more than probable that in the future development of the Eastern question Rhodes may again become prominent. To any Power which held Rhodes and Crete it would be a matter of secondary importance to whose lot Constantinople fell on the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire.

The value old china collectors have set on the so-called Rhodian plates lends a special interest to Mr. Torr's account of them in his chapter on Art; it is curious that we have nothing but circumstantial evidence to bring forward to support the theory that these plates were made at Rhodes at all; that the style is Persian, and that the earliest artists came from Persia and Damascus, is proved beyond doubt, and Mr. Torr is convinced that the fabric existed at Rhodes from a fact which he asserts, that nine-tenths of the known examples of this ware have been collected in Rhodes. This is a statement, however, which is open to criticism, inasmuch as a Smyrniote Jew five years ago took it into his head to visit a remote island called Skyros, one of the Northern Sporades, and as far from Rhodes as any island in the Archipelago could well be. There he found an undiscovered horde of 400 plates, the best of which now adorn the walls of the Hôtel Cluny in Paris. Now Skyros is much nearer to Cuttaya, in Asia Minor, than it is to Rhodes, and at Cuttaya we know that the later and more debased specimens of the same art, generally known as Anatolian, were made. Large numbers of the so-called Rhodian plates have come from other islands and towns on the mainland, and if it is really a fact that more have been found in Rhodes than elsewhere, it is probably because the Rhodians were richer than their neighbours, and in more constant communication with Smyrna, where the Knights had large possessions. Until further evidence from documents can be produced, it seems safer to ascribe the fabric to the known pottery at Cuttaya than to the problematical one at Rhodes; Cuttaya is on the main caravan road from the East to Smyrna, being very near that town, whereas Rhodes was out of the line of commerce in those days, and if the fabric had been at Rhodes, it is highly improbable that the ware would have been so widely distributed over the islands of the Archipelago as it has been.

THE CATTLE, SHEEP, AND PIGS OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

ASSUREDLY very wonderful results have followed the careful attention to the breeding of domestic animals by the British nation above all other people, and more especially by the country gentleman, in whose ranks of course are included the dukes, marquesses, earls, and others in high places who have devoted their lives and wealth to the development of certain valuable characteristics in these beasts of the field. Fancy also has played its part, and that very fanciful product of fancy, fashion. First prize shorthorn bulls, or Leicester sheep, or pigs of the small white breed, are certainly very astonishing monstrosities of perfection, fit to hold nature up to scorn. The science and art of breeding demand the utmost industry, skill, observation, and patience, in short, all the fine qualities of the human mind, whatever may be said of rustication and clodhopping. Rural life is the life of all others for health and enjoyment, and in it there is no lack of mental activity, though poems, dramas, speeches, and romances are not brought to market in any great quantity. Darwin's *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* propounds the science of breeding, and his twenty-first chapter of that work is a manual of the art which all breeders might well carry in their pocket. But breeders had practised the art before Darwin wrote, with consummate success, as he shows, although they had not taught the science, and the book before us is a very valuable account of what they have been doing in all parts of the United Kingdom.

The various breeds which have been brought to such great perfection originated in localities where specialities of soil, climate, and doubtless men, required qualities adapted to circumstances; and in days now long gone by, when communication from one district to another was difficult, local peculiarities naturally arose, as they do all over the world. But scientific breeding, as it may be called, is not much more than one hundred years old; and the herd-books, which are now the basis of all good breeding, date from a much more recent time.

Mr. Coleman is the editor of this book, but a great deal of it comes from his own pen; and his contributions on the breeding and management of cattle, sheep, and pigs (are they not, strictly speaking, all cattle?) are very valuable and highly interesting. He treats of the great question of in-and-in breeding, and he uses the excellent term "deeply bred," both of which expressions indicate matters that are of the very essence of breeding. Nearly all great authorities, such as Darwin and Huxley, condemn in-and-in breeding, which every one knows means the mating of father and daughter, brother and sister, first cousins, and so forth; and Darwin has shown that in the case of plants there is a provision of nature against it, brought about, according to him, by the survival of the fittest. There is evidence besides, though Darwin,

* *Rhodes in Modern Times*. By Cecil Torr, M.A., Author of "Rhodes in Ancient Times." Cambridge: University Press. 1887

* *The Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs of Great Britain*. Edited by John Coleman. With Illustrations from the original Drawings by Harrison Weir. London: Horace Cox.

the greatest of observers, has not noticed it, that there is a provision of nature amongst wild animals against close breeding, exhibited in their strong wandering propensities, in the well-known cases of cats, foxes, &c., at certain seasons. But the breeder has achieved all his great successes by in-and-in breeding; and there is no animal of very great merit, from the racehorse to the pig, whose pedigree does not betray it. It is true that breeders almost always condemn in-and-in breeding theoretically; but where is the great breeder who has not practised it, and how can he get perfection without it? Is his theory merely prejudice, and is his practice reasoning by induction? Science cannot as yet answer this question; the mysteries of breeding still remain to be discovered, and empiricism is our only guide. Much involved with this great subject is what Mr. Coleman happily calls "deep breeding." The phrase is used to denote length of pedigree in a given direction. Length of pedigree alone, which we all have, is of no value. But a bull, say, is deeply bred when he has length of pedigree of a selected quality. As length, therefore, does not express exactly what is required, depth has been very properly substituted. Take, for example, the single and simple quality of a short horn, which in the short horns is merely indicative of many other qualities of great value. A sire and dam, if in the herd-book, are quite sure to produce short horns; and the deeper an animal is bred, the more sure he (or she) is to impress on the offspring the qualities for which he has been bred. The great importance of this depth of breeding is not so widely recognized as it ought to be, even by great breeders. It is well exemplified in the case of the famous racehorse Gladiateur, whose stock have been so disappointing. The pedigree of racehorses has been more carefully attended to than that of any other animal, the stud-book dating from far earlier times than any herd-book, and a single stain marks a horse with h. b. (half-bred), which is equivalent to condemnation. Gladiateur was thoroughbred, but he was not deeply bred for staying powers, hence his stock are not racehorses, or even platers—in the language of the Turf—though thoroughbred. Crossing is another breeding term of great significance. If a shorthorn bull (we only take shorthorns as conspicuous examples for all purposes) be mated with a cross-bred cow, Mr. Coleman and all breeders will say that the offspring will partake far more of the character of the sire than of the dam, and they will tell you that this is the case with all domestic animals. Another question in breeding is here propounded—the relative influence on the offspring of the sire and of the dam, of which science is so far utterly ignorant. The experience of breeders may have deceived them in this case. The offspring of a very deeply-bred shorthorn bull mated with a cow not deeply bred for any particular quality would inherit the qualities become permanent by depth of pedigree, and, as in cases of crossing it is the sire that has almost always the depth of pedigree, experience has been in his favour. It is easy to see that a valuable cow is seldom, if ever, crossed with a common bull, whereas the valuable bull is often crossed with a common cow. Thus the strong opinion of breeders on the superior influence of the sire has arisen. But it may be, and in all probability it is, an error of judgment arising from one-sided experience.

There are, therefore, in-and-in breeding, depth of breeding, the relative influence of sire and dam, and cross-breeding, as the four great principles on which the development of useful qualities must depend, demanding in practice great experience and judgment, and producing the astounding results to be seen in the showyards of the Agricultural Societies. The certain effect of depth of breeding is beyond all doubt. The prevailing opinion on in-and-in breeding is by no means established out of question. It may be that faults when coupled together are not only multiplied by two, but by an unknown quantity, from which a prejudice has arisen. On the other hand, the coupling of two faultless animals, however nearly related they may be, may result, and in fact has resulted, in producing still superior qualities. The relative influence of the sire and dam is utterly unknown, apart from the sure effect of depth of breeding. And cross-breeding is the great field for experiment.

Mr. Coleman, in his very useful book, gives full descriptions of sixteen breeds of cattle, of nineteen breeds of sheep, and of seven breeds of pigs, with illustrations of every one of them after good drawings by Mr. Harrison Weir. The artist, however, has not given the characteristics of the various breeds with sufficient distinctness, the drawings being far more like one another than the different breeds really are. The Jersey cow and bull, for example, are not faithful representations of the beautiful animals one sees in the showyards. And the Exmoor sheep are a positive libel on those pretty little wild beasts dotting the heather, and adding a charm to going a stag-hunting in the West. The leading classes to be seen at any exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society are to be found fully described, and in addition many special breeds shown only on visiting certain localities. These last are strictly local breeds adapted to soil and climate, which have not attained eminence as generally useful everywhere, such as the Glamorgan and West Highland cattle, the Herdwick sheep, and the black Dorset pig (an ugly brute). Most of the chapters bear the signature of well-known authorities on that particular breed of which the chapter treats. The embarrassing result is that so many breeds appear as the very best of all for all purposes. The shorthorns and the Herefords are each the very best for export to America for the ranches. And the Jerseys and the Guernseys are each the very best for

milk and butter. With the signatures at foot this is only patriotic and right, and it is no detriment to the book, for Mr. Coleman has procured the services of an expert in every one of his subjects, and the reader is at liberty to judge for himself.

There are other points of great interest in the book, for which we heartily recommend it to be searched. There is, for instance, a description of the great variety in the quality and quantity of the different wools on the many breeds of sheep, giving rise to infinite variety in the very ancient British industry of woollen manufacture.

Another point is best explained by a quotation. Speaking of Highland sheep, "On all hill farms to which uninclosed grazings are attached the sheep stock are by stringent clauses in the agreement passed on by valuation to the income. The importance of the animals being 'hefted'—i.e. accustomed to their grazing-grounds—cannot be overrated, and in some districts part of the flock belongs to the landlord, and is rented with the farm" (p. 381).

"A Herdwick is very much attached to its own 'heaf,' or that part of the fell where it generally goes; and in a large stock a shepherd depends chiefly upon this peculiarity for knowing that all his charge is right, mentally dividing the fell into certain tracts within which he expects to find certain sheep" (p. 420).

This northern term "heaf" is in southern Dartmoor called "lair," pronounced "luer," and is a great feature in sheep-grazing on extensive common lands. May the commons and the heafs or lairs never be stolen from the sheep!

Here is another thing of mark, to be heard of in the Highlands:—

About the end of May the women and children migrated with the cows, ewes, and goats to the "shealings," always located in the grassiest and most sheltered glen on the holding, and there they remained till harvest-time, making butter and cheese in abundance; the men coming and going between the home in the strath—where the tillage, such as it was, had to be attended to—and the summer quarters in the mountains. The grazings were usually held in common by a number of tenants, and a "shealing," therefore, formed a small hamlet of huts, chiefly built of turf on a stone foundation, with an earthen floor, and with beds of heather.—P. 178.

Here in our own times are hut circles, such as the local archaeologists in the West of England exercise their minds upon in connexion with Druids.

This volume is a second edition, with the "latest intelligence" on the subject carefully added, and it should be in the hands of every one who cares to know anything of the animals which supply him with his daily wants, and are the chief objects of interest in rural life from the Orkneys to the Land's End.

LECTURES ON THE ANATOMY OF MOVEMENT.*

WE have had on a former occasion to review the singularly good work being done by Professor Warner in his book *Physical Expression: its Modes and Principles*; and we have now before us his *Hunterian Lectures*, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons, on the *Anatomy of Movement*, a subject of extreme interest and value to practitioner, psychologist, and artist. Our author begins his studies by the simple process of looking at a man, and recording what he sees. The facts recorded in Lecture I are the movements and postures produced by the central nerve-system, called here nerve-muscular. Movements are described by indicating the part moving, the direction of the movement, its time, and quantity; these are called its attributes. A posture is described by indicating the parts concerned and their relative position, which is due to ratios of quantity of nerve-muscular action. The antecedents and sequences of series of movements are described, such as seizing an object seen, or writing. Thus plain physical descriptions are given, such as might be found in other branches of physical science. Circumstances controlling and determining series of movements are demonstrated by examples; it is argued that the forces determining such movements are the causes of the results of those movements. It is argued that all actions, whether called "spontaneous" or "voluntary," are determined by physical forces. Metaphysical conceptions concerning facts appear sometimes to depend upon misplacement of the order of events. The bee visits the flower after light from the flower has stimulated it; this is no proof that he *knows* he will get honey. Various terms in general use implying metaphysical conditions are translated by terms connoting physical facts capable of direct observation. "Useful acts" are usually directly stimulated by the surrounding forces. Principles are deduced from motor facts observed in men, animals, and plants, to be subsequently applied to the study of conditions of growth.

Following the philosophic lines of the modern hypothesis that some kind of evolution is going on in nature dependent upon the continuous action of the various modes of force influencing alike organic and inorganic things, men, animals, and vegetables, the author proceeds to demonstrate facts concerning growth. It is shown that processes of growth are more complex than those of movement, because an indefinite number of parts can grow separately, and only a finite number of parts of the body can move

* *Three Lectures on the Anatomy of Movement: a Treatise on the Action of Nerve Centres and Modes of Growth.* Delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. By Francis Warner, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., Physician to the London Hospital, Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal College of Surgeons of England. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

separately. In studying growth we do not have to translate so many metaphysical terms; no one speaks of "mind" in the subject as the cause of its growth.

It is shown that the time and quantity of growth of parts are the causes of interesting results, which are considered signs of intelligence outside the subject, while series of movements are considered signs of mind inside the man.

Light, heat, pressure are shown to be causes of series of movements and acts of growth, which may be signs of intelligence, co-ordination, usefulness. The signs of evolution and reversion are given in purely physical terms, as a preliminary to inquiry into their antecedents. A list of examples is given in form of a museum catalogue.

Complicated actions of movement and growth are analysed, for the purpose of showing that they are composed of acts, whose time, quantity, and kind may be studied, the antecedents of each attribute being demonstrated as physical forces; it follows that the results of such actions are determined by and are the outcome of the effect of physical forces. Ratios of growth lead to many important results, as ratios of muscular action lead to important movements and postures, and both are determined by physical forces.

In the last lecture the modes of study deduced from analysis of movements and processes of growth are applied to the investigation of pathology and teratology. We must note not only the seat of a pathological change, but also the time, quantity, and kind of action. Specimens may present results of quantities of growth, as postures indicate ratios of motor action. Pathological action in the nerve-system may be a reversion to infantile modes of action; this is probably the case in chorea and in states of irritability. Exhaustion, if bilateral, is called fatigue; if one-sided, it is often called hysteria. Hence the importance of training equal action in the whole body. The view is advanced that nutrition requires a supply of good blood to the part acting and also stimulation; abnormal growth may depend on either factor. Charles Darwin has shown that parts may be lost in a species from want of use, or, as our author would say, from want of stimulation. Eyes may be lost from darkness, quantity of growth may depend upon pressure, and unequal quantities of growth may lead to curvatures or deformities. The special parts in which changes occur may constitute the abnormal character.

The purpose of this work, in fine, is to demonstrate that, if we can determine the modes of the brain's action and their causes, the evolutionary hypothesis requires that we should inquire whether its modes of action and their causes are those seen in organic beings generally. Movements are the signs of brain action; the results of growth are analysed in a similar manner; and it is shown that probably all vital action in the various elemental parts acting is determined as to time and quantity by physical forces. In such modes of study it is essential to describe all facts in terms connoting what is actually observed, apart from what we believe or infer. The scientific observer may draw inferences only after observation and description of facts.

In conclusion, we must congratulate Professor Warner on the happy way in which he has worked out his hypotheses and the clearly logical style of his arguments throughout. We look forward to much further original work from him, and wish him all success in the peculiar line of research he has taken up.

THE NIBELUNGEN LIED.*

FROM such a stanza as the following—

She begged the noble Ritter that they would go with her
To the Hall so spacious. When they were seated there
Ample honours did they to the Recken pay;
Dankwart and Hagen took it all quietly—

one might imagine that in the English version of the *Nibelungen Lied* just issued by Mr. Foster-Barham the translator had aimed only at turning the German original into not very harmonious, nor rhythmical, nor even scannable blank verse. But from such a stanza as immediately succeeds the one we have just cited—

Meanwhile had swift Siegfried borne with wary care
Back to their anchored vessel the mystic Tarnkappe;
Then to the Hill repairing, where many a fair dame sat,
With other Degen mingling his cares he did forget—

it might be supposed—and would be supposed but for the capital letters at the beginning of each line—that Mr. Foster-Barham's translation was not a versified one at all, but simply a prose rendering. Who meeting with it by itself would believe that the line "Dankwart and Hagen took it all quietly" was intended for a line of verse? Yet lines no better than this strikingly bad one are to be met with on every page of Mr. Foster-Barham's volume. It would have been easier to read his translation without stumbling, and without having constantly to go back to the beginning of a line in order to try it again and give it another chance, had he taken the precaution to place capital letters not only at the beginning of each verse, but also at the beginning of each half-verse. This Carlyle has done without necessity in the highly rhythmical translations from the *Nibelungen Lied* contained in his famous essay on the subject; and Mr. Foster-Barham has erred sadly in

not following his example. In the two consecutive stanzas which we have quoted in perfect good faith, and absolutely at random, how, we should like to know, is the line "Back to their anchored vessel the mystic Tarnkappe" meant to be divided? And how, on any principle of uniformity, the abortive line, "Dankwart and Hagen took it all quietly"? Mr. Foster-Barham ought to have obtained better metrical results; for he does not hesitate, whenever his verse seems to require it, to prolong, by special accentuation, words of one syllable into two, and of two syllables into three. Thus, under his treatment, "mailed" becomes "mailed," "poised" "poised," "armed" "armed," "opposed" "opposed." When, at the risk of being unintelligible to many a reader, he employs such words as Degen, Recke, and even Fiedelspieler in the original German, he may say with truth that he is only imitating Carlyle, to whose memory the translation is dedicated.

The translator might again, when he was about it, have given in his introduction a fuller and, at the same time, truer account of the history and origin of the *Nibelungen Lied*, which he treats as though it had sprung up in Germany and was of German origin. Yet he begins his preface with a sort of sneer at "well-informed persons" whose "position," he says, "has probably not altered greatly since Carlyle wrote, in 1831, that" they "were obliged to profess admiration while, at the same time, they only knew what they admired by name." Carlyle in his memorable essay on the *Nibelungen Lied* takes no note of its origin; and if but little was known in England fifty years ago concerning the *Nibelungen Lied*, less still was known concerning the Icelandic and Norwegian sagas from which it is derived. As to this Mr. Foster-Barham ought surely to have had something to say—with the alternative of altogether holding his peace. Nor is his error one of omission alone; for, in speaking of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, he implies that the Wagnerian tetralogy is based on incidents from the *Nibelungen Lied*; whereas Wagner has gone for his dramatic materials, not to the *Nibelungen Lied*, but to the more ancient *Völsungensaga*, in which the personages are less human and more mythological. It might, at least, have struck Mr. Foster-Barham that the Valkyries, whose mission it is to bear from the battlefield the bodies of slain warriors, and who play so important a part in the *Ring des Nibelungen*, have no existence in the *Nibelungen Lied*. He is undoubtedly right, however, in saying that Wagner's operatic series had the effect of directing attention to the sources, direct and indirect, to which he had gone for his personages and for their marvellous adventures. The characters in the *Nibelungen Lied* are humanized, Christianized reproductions of the mysterious Pagan heroes of the Icelandic Sagas; and, apart from *Rienzi* (written for money and for immediate fame under the direct influence of Meyerbeer), Wagner's sympathies were so much more for the mythological and the ideal than for the historical and the real that even when (as in *Tannhäuser*) he is dealing with quasi-historical personages he gives them an abstract, mythical character.

Wild as is the *Nibelungen Lied* in many of its incidents and scenes, it is tame as compared with the *Völsungensaga*. There is an abundance of naïveté in both. But the bards of the *Nibelungen Lied*, while avoiding the horrors of the Northern Sagas, are at the same time unable to accept all, or even a good part, of their wonders. When Siegfried, or Sigurd, was killing the serpent, and had already mortally wounded him, the cunning animal asked him his name, as though anxious to pay some compliment to the man who had dealt him so valiant a blow. But the hero was also cunning, and, with much apparent modesty, abstained from making himself known; for he was well aware, according to the *Völsungensaga*, that the Serpent, if he could only get hold of his name, would curse him; and this calamity he was determined to avoid. This delightfully simple story, which would be received with mocking incredulity by a modern child, is not reproduced in the *Nibelungen Lied*. Nor in the German epic is the body of Siegfried, when it is his turn to be slain, carried away to any sort of Valhalla; since, as already observed, there are no Valkyries so to carry him. He is mourned in Christian fashion by his disconsolate wife, and her lamentations are certainly very pathetic. But, if Wagner had depended on the *Nibelungen Lied* for the scenes of his great musical epic, two of the very finest would never have come into being—those of the Valkyries' ride and of Siegfried's death march. It may be hoped that much in the *Nibelungen Lied* which seems trivial is really symbolical. The story of Siegfried's frying the heart of the slaughtered serpent, burning his fingers with the hot fat, putting his scalded fingers into his mouth, and thereby learning to understand the language of the birds, was thought good enough in the *Völsungensaga* to be reproduced in the *Nibelungen Lied*; and there is perhaps some meaning in the strange incidents beyond the evident one that by swallowing some particles of the serpent's heart Siegfried acquired powers which had previously belonged to the magical monster he had slain. To acquire the ferocity and the cunning which were the distinctive characteristics of the Varangian warriors, a favourite food among them when some warlike enterprise of unusual difficulty had to be undertaken was, according to the Sagas, a mixture of the flesh of serpents with that of wolves. The story of the dwarf—the Niblung—and his gold-producing ring is the starting-point in both the German poem, or rather poems, and in the Icelandic poems, from which the German ones are derived; and in both the central incident is the slaying of the serpent by Siegfried or Sigurd with a sword specially forged for that purpose. The story of Siegfried and the serpent must have taken a very firm hold on the Scandinavian imagination; for, after the lands

* The *Nibelungen Lied*. Translated from the German by A. C. Foster-Barham. Macmillan & Co.

of the Sagas had become Christianized, the national legend became itself Christianized, and was reproduced in sculpture on the porches of Christian churches.

As to the authorship of the *Nibelungen Lied* there are various suppositions, some holding it to be the work of many hands, others of only one. It is certain, however, that the various stories of which it is composed are not in their essence nor as regards their framework of German origin at all; though, as they became naturalized in Germany, they took in German details and gained a general German character. Whoever may have done the work of writing them down, the task he, or they, had to perform was the comparatively simple one of putting on paper traditions which had already taken shape in the popular imagination and in the popular memory. When Mr. Foster-Barham suggests that "the story" dates from "the latter part of the twelfth century," the time he fixes is rather early for the *Nibelungen Lied*, rather late for the *Völsungensaga*. If in the frescoes at Munich, as Mr. Foster-Barham points out, Conrad von Würzburg is represented at work on the *Nibelungen Lied*, its authorship has also been attributed to the variously-named minstrel whom, thanks to Wagner, we all know now as Tannhäuser, and to his stern friend and fellow-admirer of the divine Elizabeth, Wolfram von Eschenbach. Every new editor and commentator of the *Nibelungen Lied* feels bound to have a new theory as to its authorship, though as little seems to be known of absolute knowledge on this point as was known on a similar one to the person who declared that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were "not written by Homer at all, but by another man bearing the same name."

It would be ungenerous to take leave of Mr. Foster-Barham's volume without one word of commendation; and, whatever the faults may be of his translation, he must at least be admitted to have prepared for the English public a perfectly readable version of a work which, but for his labours, would have remained to many a sealed book.

KARL MARX ON CAPITAL.*

MARX, who died in our midst only four years ago, would, but for one circumstance, take rank in history as one only in the crowd of persons conveniently designated by the Germans as "the men of '48." He cherished with others of a nobler stamp than himself hopes and illusions which that and the two following years saw scattered to the winds. But while most of the men eminent in those days abandoned the illusions of youth, and looked for safety and progress in a return to an old but reformed order of things, Marx remained true to his first ideals, and worked out in exile that chimerical philosophy of which this work is a remarkable example. We by no means deny to Karl Marx intellectual power of a high order; but it is of that kind which is in love with paradox, which is careless of the truth of its premises, though astonishingly ingenious in working them out to what seems to be their logical result. Add to this a furious hatred of Christianity, which he imagines bound up with our present social organization, and which he assails in language too brutal for quotation, and an equally savage hatred of all possessors of property, and we have a fair outline of his intellectual and moral character. Of him may it be said, with an alteration of the name, what his friend and colleague Heine said of Cobbett:—"Ich liebe Dich nicht; denn fatal mir ist jene gemeine Natur." But, though Marx's moral characteristics reacted on his theories, it is to these latter only that we wish to call attention. For he now appears to be recognized among English Socialists as the latest and ablest exponent of their views, and as giving in a yet more effective manner the same death-blow to capital which Mr. Henry George is said to have given to the landed interest.

The reader of these volumes must remember that they are a translation from a German work, the style of which is not clear and precise; and we cannot even say that the translation is a good one, or one likely to diminish the obscurities of the original. But the main principles of Marx are presented with reasonable clearness. That in commodities in general (to take his first principle) there are two different sorts of value—a use-value (as he terms it) and an exchange-value—there can be no doubt whatever, and of this a gold watch is a familiar example. I can either use it or sell it as I please. Food, on the contrary (to take an exception to this rule), has to a starving man a use-value only. He must have it or die, and would accept nothing else in its stead. But, to go further into the question. The use-value of a commodity, says Marx, is independent of the amount of labour required to appropriate its useful qualities (p. 2). That is to say, that if I buy two spades exactly alike, they are of the same use to me whether the one cost forty-eight hours and the other twenty-four hours labour. But here we must draw a distinction as to the meaning of *amount*. It may or may not, according to circumstances, mean labour as measured by length of time, or labour measured by skill and intensity. It is particularly needful to bear this difference in mind, because, as we shall see, Marx founds his theory on a time-measure only. The labour of an hour may, for instance, turn out a finished article in one case, while the labour of two hours may be unequal to turn out the same article in another. And the difference will depend on the skill and industry

of the one workman and on the absence of one or other of these qualities in the other. With this explanation, let us go a step further. Marx, after making the statement above quoted (p. 2), affirms that "the exchange-values [as distinguished from use-values] of commodities must be capable of expression in terms of something common to them all, of which thing they express a greater or less quantity." We italicize "quantity" here, as we did "amount" above, in order to keep the reader in touch with the progress of Marx's theory.

As use-values [he says] commodities are, above all, of different qualities; but as exchange-values they are merely different quantities, and consequently do not contain an atom of use-value. If, then, we leave out of consideration the use-values of commodities, they have only one common property left, that of being products of labour. But even the product of labour itself has undergone a change in our hands. If we make abstraction from its use-value, we make abstraction at the same time from the material elements and shapes that make the product or use-value; we see in it no longer a table, a house, yarn, or any other useful thing. Its existence as a material thing is put out of sight. Neither can it any longer be regarded as the product of the labour of the joiner, the mason, the spinner, or of any other productive kind of labour. Along with the useful qualities of the product themselves, we put out of sight both the useful character of the various kinds of labour embodied in them and the concrete forms of that labour; there is nothing left but what is common to them all; all are reduced to one and the same sort of labour, human labour in the abstract.

This is the keystone of Marx's theory. And, later on, after some further reasoning of the same kind, he concludes:—"The value of one commodity is to the value of another"—value here as always with Marx meaning exchange-value—"as the amount of labour-time necessary for the production of the one is to that necessary to the production of the other."

Starting with such premises as these, it is no wonder that later on we find ourselves involved, under Marx's guidance, in certain "mystic" qualities of capital and money. But the mystery we shall find to be of his own making. We grant both the truth and the convenience of the distinction between use-value and exchange-value, but we must remember that both are almost always inherent in the same commodity, though, as the case may be, in varying degrees. The distinction, however, when made in the premises of our argument must be allowed for in the conclusion. We are not entitled to take either form of value as our starting-point and bring out conclusions which ignore the other. Both qualities being inherent and coexistent in commodities, both must have equal weight in any theory which is to be of practical use. Again, what does Marx mean by "labour in the abstract," "homogeneous human labour," and the like? To do away with the difference between skilled and unskilled labour he regards (p. 11) the one as the multiple of the other. But skilled labour consists of as many and as infinite gradations as unskilled, both rising and falling alternately or concurrently, so that it is impossible to establish a numerical proportion between values which do not practically admit of numerical statement. Again, the difference between skilled and unskilled labour applies, not only to one kind of labour, but equally to different sorts of labour; and thus we have differences not only of degree, but the far greater difference of kind. Who can compute the numerical relations between the labour of the artist, the surgeon, the lawyer, the poet, the philosopher, and the bricklayer? It is true that in labour of one kind alone we may take the money earned by one man or another as a rough test. But this, again, is fallacious, as work of the highest kind often fetches lower prices than inferior work. Nor would this suit Marx's theory, which aims at absolute equality. The differences of kind are insuperable. The truth is that "labour in the abstract" is a barren formula, and "homogeneous human labour," as a term by means of which the varied cost of labour can be equated, does not exist at all.

If we are in search of a "mystery" to solve, it is the problem how such ideas could have germinated in an intellect of no common order. The plain fact that human beings are born into the world with every possible variety of powers, of every possible degree, and that these undergo every possible change in the course of their development, should make our minds impervious to any economical theory which either takes equality as its premiss or aims at equality as its conclusion. When once we clear our minds of Marx's assumption that the exchange-value of commodities depends on the hours of labour given to each, his theory crumbles into fragments, and our sole interest remains to see how he would try to join together the scattered fragments so as to give them an apparent likeness to the economic facts of human life.

We cannot enter at any length on Marx's view of money. This he treats, erroneously, as the chief form which capital takes nowadays. It is, like his theory of labour, constructed in defiance of the plainest facts. He says, for example (p. 102), that "The function of gold as coin becomes completely independent of the metallic value of that gold. Therefore things that are relatively without value, such as paper notes, can serve as coins in its place." One reads this with bewilderment. The exact contrary is, of course, the case. It is because gold is a commodity, having a relative exchange-value to other commodities, that it can be used as a medium of exchange, and it is because of certain useful properties of gold that it is the most convenient medium of exchange. Again, a paper note is nothing more or less than a promise to pay, and its exchange-value depends simply on the credit which those who issue the note enjoy. If we believe their promise, we take the note as being more convenient even than gold. If we have not full confidence in their willingness or ability to pay, we take it at a corresponding discount. If we have no such belief at all,

* *Capital*. By Karl Marx. Translated from the Third German Edition by Samuel Moore and Edward Aveling, and Edited by Frederic Engels. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1887.

we do not accept it at all. And in these well-worn truisms some "mystery" is supposed by Marx to be inherent! He makes the matter worse by the addition that "we allude only to inconvertible paper money issued by the State and having compulsory circulation." But he can hardly help knowing that this money is equated to gold by two causes, both by the discount paid on it in its exchange with gold (operating chiefly in international exchanges) and by a general rise of prices in the home market. But space does not allow us to dwell longer on this question, and we pass on at once to Marx's theory of capital—a theory by which, as his disciples tell us, the whole fabric of human society is to be radically and irreversibly transformed.

Here, too, Marx's abstract reasoning blinds him to the true nature of the subject. The process of buying and selling, the exchange of money for commodities and the change of commodities back again into money, this interaction between the two is naturally attended with profit to some or all concerned—at least such is the intention of those concerned, and, were it not the rule rather than the exception, trade would be paralysed. Where this profit—this surplus-value (to use his own words)—comes from is the question that Marx sets himself to solve. But no plain explanation will suit him. "The creation of surplus-value, and, therefore, the conversion of money into capital, can be explained neither on the assumption that commodities can be sold above their value nor that they are bought below their value." He has already stated (p. 136), "Little as vulgar economy knows about value, yet, whenever it wishes to consider the phenomena in their purity, it assumes that supply and demand are equal, which amounts to this, that their effect is nil." It would be truer to say that the assumption in question is that supply and demand are constantly oscillating about a fixed point, but that they are never actually in equilibrium. But, leaving this point aside, let us get at Marx's answer. Briefly it is as follows. The labourer, as such, possesses a certain commodity—namely, labour-power, which he offers to the market. The labourer, again, *quid* labourer, has nothing else to offer than this commodity. Nature, however, does not produce on the one hand owners of money or commodities, and on the other men possessing nothing but their own labour-power. Now this labour-power, like other commodities, has a value. This value "is determined, as in the case of every other commodity, by the labour-time necessary for the production, and consequently also the reproduction, of this special article." In other words, the exchange-value of labour is measured by time (this last fallacy has been already exposed). Ten hours' labour, therefore, of the man who designed St. Paul's Cathedral has the same exchange value as ten hours' labour of any of the workpeople employed on it. The labourer, again, is not paid till the end of a certain time; he, therefore, advances to the capitalist the use-value of his labour for that time. Labour, Marx goes on to say, has this specific property, that it is a source not only of value, but of more value than it has itself (p. 175). This surplus-value is eaten up and fraudulently confiscated by capital.

The words above italicized (by Marx himself) are only an obscure statement of the simplest of facts—namely, that average man can acquire or produce by his labour a good deal more than he needs for his own sustenance and that of those immediately dependent on him. Where the contrary is the case he disappears in the struggle for existence. Capital, which to Marx is a huge metaphysical dragon devouring the hard-won earnings of the poor, is nothing else, in its present form, than the outcome of thrift and foresight. The first man whose industrious instincts accustomed him to produce more than he needed for his immediate consumption, and whose foresight taught him not to waste the surplus, but to lay it by, he was the first capitalist. He would exercise, no doubt, a certain despotic power over those who lived from hand to mouth; and, when dearth or famine came, these would become dependent on his aid, and compelled, to a greater or less extent, to do his bidding. This illustration, drawn from the earliest period of man's economic history, holds good amid all the complexities of modern civilization. It is true also that capital was often the spoil of conquest; and as such it has descended to our own days. But the saving preceded the spoiling, otherwise there would be nothing for the conqueror to take. And we can to-day see men, starting life with nothing but their labour to sell, ending as millionaires and employers of hundreds such as they were themselves, formerly. Capital in these days means savings devoted to further production. This Marx cannot disprove; he simply denies and derides it. In a similar spirit he treats the undoubted fact that the capitalist who advances large sums of money requires to be recompensed for the risk he runs, and that the same man who also exercises the anxious and difficult function of management should receive a remuneration for it. And as for the interest on the capital laid out or invested, it is to Marx simply the abominable offspring of an equally abominable parent. This is the way in which he decides to deal with the natural and innocent fact that a man sells a thing for more than he gave for it, or for the various elements of which its value consists.

Marx's fallacy on this point belongs to the class of paradoxes of which "Achilles and the Tortoise" is an example. He is, indeed, a good specimen of a belated Eleatic. The capitalist buys a certain quantity of raw material, employs a certain amount of labour upon it, incurs various other expenses incidental to production, and exchanges the final result for—say, ten or twenty per cent. more than the total of his own outlay. Therefore, says Marx, he cheats somebody, and this "somebody" is the

labourer. The gist of the paradox lies in ignoring the fact that the capitalist is himself a labourer, and that, after paying all others concerned in the production of a commodity, he himself, like the rest, must receive his due wages, which wages represent the excess of what he sells a given commodity for over and above what he paid for bringing it to market. This truth is disguised, but not altered, by the fact that capital is transferred and inherited, and that therefore the man who owns and receives the interest on capital is often not the manager of the various businesses in which it may be invested. But to prevent this, it would be necessary to forbid by law all such transference or inheritance. It is needless to point out that this would paralyse all industry whatever, since the earnings of the vast majority of workers are made not for themselves only or chiefly, but for the sake of those dependent on them during their lifetime, and for those also who may survive them. Hence Marx's theory would thwart the very primary form of unselfishness among men—that of caring and providing for their own offspring and successors. If space allowed us to follow out Marx's views on this subject, it would be easy to show that, if put into practice, it would reduce the civilized and social men whom we see around us into a crowd of savage and brutal individuals (not worthy of the name of a horde—for this word implies some co-operation), each hating and robbing his fellows.

We by no means say that the capitalist mode of production with free-trade in labour and general competition is without its drawbacks. Where power is placed in the hands of any man or any class, there exists the danger that it may be abused, and that the duties attached to it may not be fulfilled. But in a free country the classes who feel themselves aggrieved can by combining together resist what they consider to be oppression. Yet such organizations, legitimate as they are in their main principle, are open to the objection that they tend to lower the standard of skill and industry, and to depress the good workman too much down to the level of the bad. They are themselves in so far oppressive. It is hard to see any way out of the evils, such as they are, of capitalist production, except by some turn of the co-operative system. But this clearly could not satisfy Marx; for the successful Co-operative Societies are themselves in their corporate capacity capitalists, and are, therefore, liable to the same anathema which he pronounces on capital in general. The truth is that Marx looks far too much at the formal aspect of political economy. Just as a table is, in his dialect, "congealed labour," so, he ought to acknowledge, is capital "congealed" thrift, industry, foresight, and so forth. The capitalist form of production has been in full swing for more than half a century, and the condition of the working classes is far better at the end of this period than it was at the beginning. Physically, morally, and intellectually there has been an advance. This advance, it may be retorted, has taken place in spite of the incubus of capital; but where is the proof of this? If, as Marx says in his concluding words, the capitalist mode of production has for its fundamental condition the expropriation of the labourer, we can only answer that the period in which this form of production has been most active is just that one in which the labourer has been less and less "expropriated," and in which the rules of generosity and public spirit have been more and more acted upon by capitalists. But what are facts to Karl Marx?

HAY-FEVER AND PAROXYSMAL SNEEZING.*

AT this season of the year the subject of hay-fever has a profound and almost tragic interest for those whose mucous membranes are intolerant of the pollen with which the atmosphere is just now loaded. To these unfortunates Dr. Morell Mackenzie's little book may afford some scraps of comfort in the shape of suggestions for partially preventing the invasion of the enemy and mitigating the severity of the injuries caused by his entrance. We learn that his principal point of attack is the nasal mucous membrane, though he does not entirely spare the conjunctiva. Though the pollen itself is not usually intruded beyond the Schneiderian membrane, the effects of the local disturbance caused there by it are communicated through the medium of the nervous system to the whole respiratory tract, giving rise to sneezing, lachrymation, and asthma, often accompanied by headache and elevation of temperature. For the few to whom it is practicable a precipitate retreat is the most judicious measure; a sea voyage or even a few weeks' residence at the seaside will generally carry them out of reach of the foe.

To the larger number of sufferers, with whom the carrying out of this plan is impossible, there are various means of defence open, and these are duly set forth in the Doctor's chapter on Treatment. The author has appended some interesting notes on paroxysmal sneezing, an affection closely allied to hay-fever, and on "rose cold," which is produced, in susceptible persons, by inhaling the pollen of roses. The condition underlying the liability to these three diseases seems to be a morbidly excitable condition of the portion of the central nervous system which presides over the movements of respiration, commonly spoken of as the "respiratory centre." Hence we are not surprised to find that individuals of nervous temperament are most prone to be the subjects of them; and also that general as well as local remedies are of value in controlling them.

* Hay-Fever and Paroxysmal Sneezing. By Morell Mackenzie, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

WE are not sure whether a careful comparison would bear out the opinion, but this volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* [xxii. Sib—Szo] seems to contain an exceptionally large number of biographies. To right-minded people it is needless to add that it is all the more interesting on that account. The variety of biographies is certainly great. Sir Robert Sibbald, the old Scotch physician, botanist, antiquary, and geographer, leads off. In the course of the volume come the Sidneys, Algernon and Sir Philip, the numerous and varied battalion of Smiths, Smollett, Spenser, Steele, and Sterne (Professor Minto), Dr. Sydenham, and Swift (Dr. Garnett), among famous Englishmen; Simonides or Semonides, Sophocles (Professor Campbell) and Stesichorus among the Greeks; and many noted persons of other nations. Simon Magnus (Professor A. Harnack) is there at length, and Solomon, cut very short. So are Sodoma, or more properly Sodona, and Solario the painters, with Spinoza (Professor A. Seth), Mme. de Staël (Mr. Saintsbury), and Spohr (Mr. W. S. Rockstro), together with quite a host of others more or less famous. Dean Stanley is written of by his successor, and there are notices of the Simons, the medalists—but it were tedious to name them all. It will not be denied that among these names are some which are of the first interest. Take it for all in all the life of Swift is the most fascinating among those of the race of authors—"nation un peu vaine et glorieuse" according to Le Sage. It is not the most agreeable, but that which is fullest of debatable matter, and contains most of the mystery which can only be solved, if at all, by help of insight into character. Dr. Garnett deals with his great subject in the way commonly called sound. His fourteen columns give a useful summary of the known facts of the Dean's life, and are enlivened by sufficient discussion of the vexed questions which have been, and always will be, debated as to his virtues and vices. There is still a life of Swift and a critical estimate of his work to be done. Dr. Garnett was only bound to report progress, so to speak, and has done it with precision, but we could have thanked him for a little more attention to Swift's place as a stylist. Professor Minto's articles are also contributions of the useful encyclopædia kind. We love him for thinking nobly of Smollett, but when we hear that "his influence on novel-writing was wider even than Fielding's," the inquiry whether the fact that Tobias George was a Scotchman may not have had a wide influence on the Professor suggests itself. Mr. Saintsbury's judgment of Mme. de Staël is in substance that after all she was a woman, though appearances were against her. Simon Magnus is a beautiful subject for the biographer, for next to nothing is really known about him, and a great deal has been said of an ingeniously speculative kind which must be answered. It is very pleasant to roam among all these people even in an encyclopædia, for one seems to be acquiring universal knowledge, but it is less satisfactory to have to talk about the excursion afterwards. The fact is, that jumping from Socrates to Algernon Sidney, from Socinus to Strafford, or from Sophocles to Sir William Sidney Smith, produces confusion after a time. They get blurred when they are read together, and the wisest report to make of them is that they are there with all their dates, or most of them, and copious references to authorities.

The volume contains several long articles of the geographical kind. Siberia (P. A. Kropotkin) comes in, and Sicily (E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., and George C. Chisholm), and the Soudan (Professor A. H. Keane), and South Carolina (W. Simons), and Sweden (Geography and Statistics, Professors H. H. Hildebrandson, P. T. Cleve, and F. Kjellman, Dr. A. Wren and J. F. Nyström; History, James Sime; Literature, E. W. Gosse). The longest of these articles is naturally that on Spain (Geography and Statistics, G. C. Chisholm; History, Rev. W. J. Brodrick and Richard Lodge; Language and Literature, Alfred Morel-Fatio). Messrs. Brodrick and Lodge had a difficult piece of work to do. Even when the editor is generous in his supply of columns it cannot be other than a very trying task to put even an outline sketch of the very complicated history of Spain into the space which can be afforded in any encyclopædia. The growth of the mediæval kingdoms and their relations to one another are confusing in the extreme. Messrs. Brodrick and Lodge have made their tale fairly clear. It is, of course, possible to differ from their opinions. Mr. Lodge, for instance, who does the mediæval part, seems to us to be wholly unjust to the "old kings" of Castile. Alfonso XI., the Implacable, deserved to have better things said of him than that he was "harsh and brutal." He was cruel, of course; but so was his time. Most of the people he killed deserved killing more or less, and we are of opinion that the Spaniards did well to forgive much to the man who won the battle of the Rio Salado. It is perhaps not unworthy of the gravity of reviewing to inquire how many of the persons who see the *Favorita* know that the king of that opera and Leonora de Guzman are historic characters, or have ever heard of the tragic story of the lady. With all due deference to Mr. Lodge and common opinion, we decline to accept the assertion that Alfonso's son, Peter the Cruel, was a mere monster. His dealings with his womankind were of an Oriental and Bluebeard character; but some allowance must be made for the example of the Moors, and the nobles he exterminated were very disorderly, high-handed persons. If M. Morel-Fatio (or is it Señor?), who does the language and literature of Spain, wrote his articles in English, we

compliment him on the feat. If they were translated, we compliment the *Encyclopædia* on having had the work capitally done. M. Morel-Fatio's review of Spanish literature is excellent. It is painful to find him at his old wickedness of trying to take Lazarillo de Tormes from Mendoza, and it is perverse in him to insist on seeing hidden meanings in *Don Quixote*; but no man is perfect. Against these failings may be set off the exceptional merit he shows in doing adequate justice to Lope de Vega, whom it is far too much the custom to pooch-pooch as a species of inferior Calderon. The history of Sicily is of less general interest than that of Spain, but in this volume of the *Encyclopædia* it has the good luck to be treated by Mr. Freeman. Its long and varied story is therefore told by a writer who loves it, and who can put a great deal into the space allowed him, which again was doubtless made the more large because Mr. Freeman is Mr. Freeman, and has got a subject he likes well. Other sets of articles of the same nature are Switzerland (Geography and Statistics, Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge and H. A. Webster; History, Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge; Literature, James Sime), and Sind (Major-General Sir Frederick J. Goldsmid, K.C.S.I.)

A good number of subjects which it is not easy to class come into this volume. Such, for instance, is Smoke Abatement (Professor Orme Masson), or State Officers (F. Drummond), Stigmatization (Professor Alex. Macalister, M.D.), and Sweating Sickness (J. F. Payne, M.D.). The last two belong to historical medicine, which is a fascinating subject enough. Professor Macalister gives a brief history of the strange delusion, disease, or fraud called stigmatization, and then examines it critically. Dr. J. F. Payne gives the not very pleasing history of the sweating sickness in a compact form, and leaves one with the agreeable conviction that we shall never see it again. On the whole, it seems to have been a benign epidemic, for it killed its victims very swiftly. Professor F. Pollock's article on the sword is descriptive and historical rather than technical, and is the more readable on that account. He sketches the history of the weapon and the development of its form with absolute freedom from any tendency to preach a theory of his own. The use as well as the form of the sword comes within his limits, at least to some extent; for his article is not a treatise on fencing; but you cannot well tell what a thing is without explaining how it ought to be used. There are purely technical articles which are yet acceptable to the general reader in this volume. Captain Bridge, R.N., writes on Signals, and Mr. W. E. Hoyle on Sounding. Spiritualism, by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, is a nice discursive article, which leaves a general impression that Mrs. Sidgwick thinks it mostly humbug but would like to find something in it if she could. She defends Spiritualism from the charge of producing insanity; but surely the really serious charge is that insanity of the sillier kind produces Spiritualism. It is only possible to point out the following articles very briefly. Literature, pure and simple, is represented by Mr. T. Watts's paper on the Sonnet. Dr. Jackson's *Sophists* deals both with literature and philosophy. Strength of Materials (Professor J. A. Ewing), Surface (Professor A. Cayley), Surgery (Professor J. Chiene, M.D., C. Creighton, M.D., F. M. Caird, M.B., and Arthur W. Hare, M.B.), and Surveying (General J. T. Walker, R.E.), are purely technical subjects. The Star Chamber—a thing which ought to be swiftly revived—is written of by Mr. Prothero. The Sunnites and Shi'ites are examined and described by the late W. Spitta Bey and Professor A. Müller. These are examples of the historical article. Spectacles (Alex. Bruce, M.D.) surprise by themselves many questions historical, technical, and medical. Statistics (Wynard Hooper) belong to no class, but take account of all things. Swimming (H. F. Wilkinson and William Wilson) is an article which ought not to be left out of an encyclopædia—but what could be left out indeed? All human knowledge ought to go in, and as that is a subject of some magnitude, the reviewer—even the reviewer—has to end by confessing that it beats him. There is as much again worthy of notice in this twenty-second volume of the *Encyclopædia* as we have mentioned, and twice as much as that again. It is all there, very accessible, generally readable, and a blessing to persons in a hurry for useful information. The collection of maps at the end looks very well printed and neat.

MOUNTAIN RANGES.

IT is now rather more than fifty years since the first definite attempt was made to establish a systematic theory of the origin of mountain ranges and their relation to the geological history of the earth. For this we are indebted to the eminent French geologist the late M. Elie de Beaumont. The leading features of his theory were the following—All mountain chains are a consequence of the contraction of the crust due to the gradual cooling of a once incandescent globe. As a result of this, long periods of repose were followed by shorter epochs of convulsive disturbance, during which a number of mountain chains were elevated. The chains thus simultaneously produced in different parts of the globe are found on examination to be parallel, while those originating at other epochs have a different direction. A certain geometric relation does, however, exist between the directions of the various mountain

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XXII. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1887.

* *The Origin of Mountain Ranges, considered Experimentally, Structurally, Dynamically, and in relation to their Geological History.* By T. Mellard Reade, C.E., F.G.S., F.R.I.B.A. London: Taylor & Francis.

ranges which have been produced since the first solidification of the earth's crust. Some points in this ingenious hypothesis were speedily challenged by the late Sir C. Lyell, and the elevation of a mountain chain was soon admitted to be not only a far more gradual, but also a more complicated, process than M. de Beaumont imagined. The geometrical relation also, though a probable consequence of a secular contraction of the crust of the globe, is found to be rather a theoretical conclusion than an actual fact. But the great majority of geologists have concurred in accepting De Beaumont's view that contraction through cooling is the primary cause of mountain ranges; so that these, like the wrinkles on the human face, are indicative of the age of mother earth.

Of late years various modifications and special applications of this theory have been proposed. Rogers, Hall, Le Conte, Dana, Fisher, and many others have joined in a discussion of which the most important result has been to prove the close connexion of mountain-making with previous sedimentation—namely, that a period of uplifting has been preceded by one of long-continued depression, accompanied by the deposit of a thick mass of detrital material.

At this point Mr. Reade takes up the investigation. He accepts fully the last-named conclusion, and brings forward a great body of evidence to show that it is a legitimate induction from facts, but the dominant purpose of his work is to prove that "contraction from cooling" is an inadequate hypothesis. The one which he favours is to some extent the actual converse of the other. To quote his own words, "that these folds, overfolds, overthrusts, reversed faults and normal faults, fractures, fissures, and crushings, are not the effect of one series of lateral movements, as is usually assumed, I hope to show. On the contrary, I venture to maintain that they are due to repeated lengthenings of the strata over immense areas by expansion and consequent local compression, combined with repeated faultings through contractions of the strata in masses during cooling and loss of heat." Advocates of the more commonly accepted view might urge that they do not, as a rule, consider these disturbances as the result of "one series of movements," unless the author use the phrase to signify "movement proceeding from one cause"—indeed, an author quoted by Mr. Mellard Reade on the next page has not only ascribed the elevation of the Central Alps to two distinct sets of movements—one, roughly speaking, post-eocene, the other post-miocene (as is usually admitted)—but also has pointed out that during the Carboniferous period there must have been, at any rate in a part of the district, a highland, if not a mountain, region. This, however, is rather a matter of detail; the alternative hypothesis proposed by Mr. Mellard Reade is the main question. He endeavours to show, not only is the contraction hypothesis inadequate, but also that the phenomena of mountain ranges are more easily explained by the expansion of the underlying masses of rock. The former hypothesis appears to us hardly to receive adequate treatment at his hands. His reasoning would have been more convincing if he had attempted more definite calculations as to the amount of radial contraction which would be required in order to produce the principal mountain chains which exist upon the globe. This, we think, would be less than he supposes. Moreover, the calculations of Sir W. Thomson in regard to the cooling of the earth show that during the last ninety-six millions of years the downward increment of temperature has changed from one-tenth to one-fiftieth of a degree Fahrenheit per foot—that is to say, that the temperature of a layer of rock ten thousand feet (say two miles) beneath the crust was formerly one thousand degrees higher than that of the crust, but is now only two hundred degrees higher; a difference which could not fail to produce important effects. The author, however, works out much more fully the hypothesis which he favours. He brings together the results of a number of experiments—many of them made by himself—to establish the rate of expansion under increase of temperature of the principal rocks forming the crust of the earth. Another series of experiments of an extremely interesting character has been undertaken on sheets of metal and slabs of stone to show that, by raising the temperature of portions of the mass, dome-like ridges or elevations, somewhat analogous to the dominant outlines of a mountain mass, could be produced, and to point out the cumulative effects of changes of temperature. These are extremely suggestive and valuable; but the results would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Mellard Reade could have reproduced more exactly the conditions under which, in the case of the earth's crust, the local elevation of temperature is supposed to take place. In his experiments the upper or free surface of the mass was usually heated, while in the earth the under or confined portion is nearest to the source of heat. While we are not prepared to say that this materially vitiates the result of his experiments, it would have enhanced their value if the conditions of the actual problem had been more closely imitated.

The author then proceeds to discuss the significance of these experiments, and points out that, if a portion of the earth's crust have its temperature raised, while that of the remainder is unaltered, expansion can only take place in an upward direction, because the underlying mass will prevent any downward motion, while lateral expansion will be resisted by the adjacent rock. Here, however, he seems rather to overstate his case; for we fail to see why the surrounding rock may not to some extent yield to the outward thrust of the expanding mass. Still, though his results may need some modification, his main contention cannot be denied—that the chief result of local elevation of temperature will be in an upward vertical direction.

But now an explanation of this local elevation of temperature must be sought. Here comes in the relation of mountain ranges to regions of previous deposit of sediment. The effect of this—like wrapping a flannel bandage round the human body—is to impede the escape of internal heat, and thus by degrees to raise the temperature of the underlying crust. Here, then, the isotherms will assume an upward bulge, the lower and more solid part of the crust will expand, may possibly even become softened. The result is elevation, and by that can be explained the flexures, folding, faulting, and other phenomena of mountain ranges.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to descriptive sketches of the chief mountain ranges, in order to show that they accord with the author's theory, and their phenomena are better explained by it than by lateral thrust due to contraction. On this subject Mr. Mellard Reade's opponents will doubtless have much to say, and as one which requires a lengthy discussion of details it must be left to them. We will only observe that the overfolds and overthrust faults which are so frequent in great mountain ranges seem more difficult to explain on the author's hypothesis, notwithstanding his ingenious advocacy, than on that of lateral thrusts resulting from contraction.

One or two minor points, where Mr. Mellard Reade appears rather to overstate his case, may be briefly noticed in conclusion. His remarks as to the fluxion structure, said to be common in the more deeply seated rocks in mountain regions, hardly accord with the experience of those who have studied them most minutely. As a rule, the microscopic structure of such rocks suggests a "crushing out" rather than a "drawing out"; the result of a pressure normal to the superinduced structure rather than anything analogous to "fluxion," as ordinarily understood. To the latter the resemblance is generally extremely superficial, and it is only in the case of rocks near to a great overthrust fault that, so far as we at present know, there is any marked indication of a lateral movement of the constituents. Again, when urging that many of the sedimentary deposits are only fragments of those which once existed, he appears to overlook the fact that in olden time, as at present, sedimentation must have been interrupted by the upland districts, from which the materials were derived, and would thin out rapidly near the shore line. A similar forgetfulness leads him into miscalculation as to the time required to form a mass of sediment. He argues that if the average rate of denudation of a land surface be (say) one foot in four thousand years, then the same may be taken as the rate of increase of the corresponding deposit, or as a measure of geologic time. But the thickness assigned by geologists to a group of strata is always much nearer to the sum of the maximum thicknesses of the principal subdivisions than to a true mean thickness, and in addition the area of deposition is almost always very much smaller than that of denudation, or the area of a river delta, as we may call it, smaller than that of its basin. Hence the rate of growth of deposit in a vertical direction is more rapid than the rate of the average lowering of its basin.

But, though we are at present doubtful as to the validity of Mr. Mellard Reade's main hypothesis, as a principal cause of mountain building, it must be always considered in the explanation of a process, probably of much complexity; and we cannot part from his book without expressing our sense of its value as a contribution to this deeply interesting subject. His hypothesis may or may not stand the test of time, but the book, as a systematic treatise on the origin of mountain ranges, is independent of this, and for many years to come will take an honourable place in the library of every student of geology.

BENVENUTO DA IMOLA'S COMMENTARY ON DANTE.*

IT is not inopportune that the publication of the important old Latin commentary of Benvenuto da Imola upon the great poem of Dante should occur in the present year of Jubilee in England, for it will be remembered that the action of the Divine Comedy is supposed to have taken place in the year of the famous Roman Jubilee of 1300. Benvenuto was writing his commentary in 1375, as is indicated in one of the historical and biographical extracts quoted by Muratori in his *Antiquitates Italicae*, and it must contain the substance of the lectures delivered by him at Bologna during a period of ten years. Its subsequent history is interesting. Other early commentators made large use of Benvenuto's work in MS., especially Landino and Talice da Ricaldone, whose own Latin commentary, completed in 1474, has recently been edited at the expense of the King of Italy. Castelvetro proposed to print Benvenuto da Imola in the sixteenth century, but was unable to execute his design in consequence of his own banishment from Italy. In 1855 the stupid blunder was made of printing at Imola a so-called translation in Italian from the quaint and racy Latin of Benvenuto, a proceeding which did no credit to the faithless and ignorant translator, or to the birth-place of the old citizen of the town whom it was intended to honour. Lord Vernon, the grandfather of the present Baron, desired to add an edition of the Commentary of Benvenuto to his many other valuable and liberal contributions to the study of Dante. It was announced in 1846 by Colomb de Batines, in his

* *Benvenuti de Rambaldis de Imola Comentum super Dantis Aldigheris Comediam, nunc primum in lucem editum.* Sumptibus Guillelmi Warren Vernoni. Curante Jacobo Philippo Lacaita. Florentiae: Typis G. Barbèra, 1837.

Bibliografia Dantesca, that the editorship of the intended work had been confided to the well-known Italian critic and scholar Nannuci, and that he had selected for his text a manuscript in the Laurentian Library, collating it also with the well-known Estense MS. at Modena, from which Muratori's extracts were obtained. The further progress of Lord Vernon's project was unfortunately stopped by his death in 1866. Some years afterwards, in 1879, a scheme was entertained for printing the Commentary at the joint charge of Sir James Lacaita, Professor C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., and Sir Frederick Pollock; but while this was under discussion the Dante Society of Cambridge, Mass., then under the presidency of Longfellow, and of which Mr. Norton was an active member, undertook to proceed with the publication, and had made some steps towards advancing it, when the late Lord Vernon decided to resume the task suspended by his father's decease. The Dante Society had in the meantime issued a prospectus, in which the great importance of Benvenuto's Commentary was mentioned, and stating that, composed as it was in the early part of the fourteenth century, little more than fifty years after the death of Dante, by a man who well knew the world and the political and personal history of the times, it contains a larger amount of information on these topics than any of the other early comments. The publication at Imola, in 1855, is justly described as being only a pretended Italian translation, mutilating and misrepresenting the original in the grossest manner; but adding that no version, however trustworthy, can satisfactorily supply the place of the original for the use of scholars. The Society, on becoming acquainted with the late Lord Vernon's intentions, gracefully yielded to his filial claim to be the person to carry out his father's wishes; but in 1883 his death again interrupted the design of printing the "gran commento" of Benvenuto, until his brother, Mr. William Warren Vernon, generously assumed the office of completing at his own expense, and under the able editorship of Sir James Lacaita, the very handsome edition now at length printed and published. To Sir James Lacaita great praise must be awarded for having performed the difficult task of procuring for the press a correct copy of Benvenuto's MS., and for the part taken by him from the beginning in assisting and promoting the present publication. It is proposed on a future occasion to notice the very curious and useful contents of the five large and beautiful volumes in which the entire Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola is now for the first time made accessible to students of Dante.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FEW words need be spent now by any but a professed historian on the too famous Mexican expedition of the Second French Empire. And the mildest word that any one, whether historian or not, can apply to it is unlucky. In its beginning, in its conduct, in its end most of all, it certainly was not a thing that Frenchmen can look back on soberly with any satisfaction. Prince George Bibesco, however, thinks somewhat differently, and has given an enthusiastic account of the earlier stages of the affair—an account which deserves at least one unhesitating commendation (1). It is adorned with really interesting designs (in many cases from photographs) and with useful maps. Also it is fair to say that Prince Bibesco does not attempt to conceal the real nature of that most disgraceful of all politico-financial *trampages*, the Jecker business. His subject lends itself well to pictorial adornment; for where else in recent fighting shall we find an instance of a prisoner being taken by the lasso?

Readers are indebted to M. Gaston Maugras for some interesting work, and it is rather a pity that the author's name should be attached to a piece of writing which partakes somewhat of book-making (2). A history of actors before public opinion during the last hundred or two hundred years in France would have suited well with the writer's knowledge, and might have been a valuable thing. Unluckily, it is prefaced by several chapters dealing with the theatre in the East and in Greece, the theatre at Rome, the theatre in the middle ages, &c.—subjects on which not much is positively known, and on which this particular writer, as must pretty soon be evident, writes without any very special knowledge. Even in the part where there is a more solid base of fact, the book seems ill planned. It would have made a capital essay of eighty or a hundred pages; it would come excellently by pieces into a general history of acting; but by itself and as given it is hardly a good book.

For twenty years all students, philological and literary (since persons of distinction will have this rather fatal distinction made), of old French have rejoiced in Herr Karl Bartsch's *Chrestomathie* (3) as something more than a school-book. He has now followed it up with a larger volume destined for maturer students, covering a rather shorter period but more copious in extract and preceded by an excellent grammatical treatise by Herr Adolf Horning. May it do as much good and give as much pleasure as its elders, *Chrestomathie* and the *Romanzen und Pastourelles*, have done and given.

The last volume has appeared of the handsome edition in which

- (1) *Au Mexique*. Par le Prince Georges Bibesco. Paris: Plon.
- (2) *Les comédiens hors la loi*. Par Gaston Maugras. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (3) *La langue et la littérature française depuis le IX^{ème} siècle jusqu'au XI^{ème} siècle*. Par Karl Bartsch et Adolf Horning. Paris: Maisonneuve.

M. Jouaust has for some time been producing the work of the late M. Paul de Molènes (4). He was a soldier, a gentleman, a good Christian, and a good writer, and to be these is to be four very good things indeed.

Flippant persons have long been calling to editors "Mon Voltaire est fait." But the editors pay no attention. Here is M. Georges Bengesco (5), most learned of Voltairians, with a little sheaf of unpublished, or at least uncollected, letters, chiefly addressed to one George Keate, "poète anglais," as not a few Englishmen will, it is to be feared, learn for the first time. Some are in English, some are in French; all are like Voltaire, as everything he ever wrote was like him; none are particularly important.

A brief preface by M. Paul Bourget (6) introduces a curious book, which, though something like it has been done in the way of "keys" for more than one English writer, has not, we think, been quite anticipated in our language. Nearly six hundred large pages are devoted by MM. Cerfberr and Christophe to a solemn dictionary of Balzac, as thus:—

LANTY (Philippe de), frère cadet de la précédente, second enfant du Comte et de la Comtesse de Lanty, assistait jeune et beau sous la restauration aux fêtes données chez ses parents; par son mariage, qui eut lieu sous Louis Philippe, il entra dans une famille grand-ducale allemande. (*Sarrasine, Le député d'Arcis*.)

It is admirably laborious; it is, no doubt, most correct, but the idea seems a little lacking in humour. It has, however, set a friend of ours upon the plan of a *Real-lexicon Thackerayanum*, which will, we think, exceed it in interest. Here are specimens:—

PISTOLS. "Same which I shot Captain Marker." Articles belonging to Captain Rawdon Crawley, and left by him in anticipation of the battle of Waterloo to Rebecca his wife. (*Vanity Fair*.)

HEADACHES. "One of her." Reference to an affliction of Mrs. Wenham's, which apparently had the habit of coinciding with the convenience of the Marquess of Steyne. In reference to these headaches Mr. Wenham was said "not to stick at trifles." (*Vanity Fair*.)

Prospectuses are in preparation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN the expansion of modern nations the connexion between trade and the flag was perhaps more strikingly displayed in the seventeenth century than at any period. The more stirring and romantic aspect of the subject is presented by famous voyagers and discoverers such as Sir Humphry Gilbert, or by hardy leaders of colonial enterprise like Captain John Smith; but these were not the only pioneers and adventurers in the great work of making the New World a tangible possession to the competing nations of Europe. The less picturesque, but scarcely less important, labour of projecting great schemes belongs to the far-seeing statesmen, geographers, and commercial speculators who provided the material of enterprise and directed its successful employment. Such men were not less adventurers than Drake or Raleigh, for they risked money and reputation and the favour of kings and republics. An illustrious example of this class of pioneers is the subject of Mr. J. Franklin Jameson's recent contribution to the Papers of the American Historical Association, *Willem Usselinx, Founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). In American history it is as the originator of the colonies on the Delaware and the Hudson that Usselinx claims notice. These are but minor facts in the remarkable career of the Lesseps of his age, as Mr. Jameson calls him. The friend of statesmen, he was possessed of some of the finer qualities of the statesman, and exhibited in many fields of action and speculation untiring energy and contagious enthusiasm. Mr. Jameson's valuable historical study is enriched by much fresh and interesting information gathered from many sources, notably from the Oxenstjerna papers in the archives of Stockholm and from the State records at the Hague. Admirable features of the volume are the very useful bibliography and the methodical citations of authorities in the footnotes.

The New Religio Medici (Elliot Stock) is the audacious title of some rather pointless and decidedly slight papers by Dr. Frederick Robinson on Faith-healing, Sunday Schools, the Church services, and kindred matters. "Fugitive thoughts" the author calls these lucubrations, and fugitive we have found them, while by no means provocative of thought. The opening paper is devoted to what the author considers the vain repetition of the Church services, the objectionable feature of which seems to be merely the repetition of the Lord's Prayer. If Dr. Robinson wishes to appreciate the vanity of repetition, let him attend a Nonconformist or a Presbyterian service, and he may then feel, with Coleridge, the "heavenly superiority" of the Anglican liturgy.

A collection of essays by various hands, entitled *The Round Table Series* (Edinburgh: Brown), repays reading, though more distinguished by personal enthusiasm and a not unpleasant excess of eulogy than by genuine critical power. A paper on Emerson by the editor, Mr. H. Bellamy-Baildon, and another on D. G. Rossetti, by the late Mr. P. W. Nicholson, a Scottish artist, show

(4) *Les caprices d'un régulier*, &c. Par Paul de Molènes. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Lettres et billets inédits de Voltaire*. Par Georges Bengesco. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(6) *Répertoire de la comédie humaine de Balzac*. Par A. Cerfberr et J. Christophe. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

marked discernment, while Mr. John Robertson writes of Walt Whitman with excellent moderation and taste.

Though the book is primarily intended for the tourist in Switzerland, every lover of wild flowers who attempts an Alpine garden in England, however modest the attempt, will find an interesting and pleasurable companion in *My Hundred Swiss Flowers*, by Mary A. Pratten (Allen & Co.). The author does not give, it is true, directions for culture—such are easily obtainable; but the descriptions of these selected plants and their various habitats are clear and concise, and the illustrative plates are for the most part thoroughly trustworthy for purposes of identification. The coloured plates, as might be expected of chromos, are less satisfactory. Let any one turn to the fine artistic handwork in the early volumes of the *Botanical Magazine* and compare, let us say, the drawing of the vernal gentian with the *Gentiana bavarica* or the *Androsace Heerii* in the present volume, neither of which is a bad specimen of the chromatic process. Very opportune is the author's note on the Geneva Association for the conservation of Swiss flora.

The Rev. Arthur Carr's *The Church and the Roman Empire* (Longmans & Co.), one of the "Epochs of Church History" Series, is a skilful historical summary dealing with the pregnant epoch between the accession of Diocletian and the death of Leo the Great. Mr. Carr's subject is closely allied to that of Dr. Plummer's handbook recently noticed. His exposition of the continual progress of the Church in the face of forces apparently inimical, such as persecution and schism, and the invasion of Goth and Hun, has the twofold merit of concentration and breadth. Like its predecessors, this little book is a useful and sound guide to the young student of ecclesiastical history.

The Five Empires, by the Rev. Robert Isaac Wilberforce, and *Seventeen Sermons on the Nativity*, by Bishop Andrewes, are specimens of the "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. These shilling volumes are well printed and neatly bound, though several of the reprints in the series can hardly be said to be beyond the reach of the multitude. However, there ought to be plenty of readers, besides Mr. Matthew Arnold, to welcome cheap reprints of the works of Anglican divines like Andrewes.

Messrs. Routledge & Sons have issued a limited edition in English of Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*, with clever and spirited vignette etchings designed by Arcos, engraved by Nargeot, and printed by Chardon. The paper, binding, and printing enhance the attractions of this elegant volume.

The season of tourists is heralded by several topographical guides. Excellent in all respects is Messrs. Hachette & Co.'s *The Diamond Guide to Paris*, one of the well-known series of Parisian handbooks by MM. Ad. and P. Jonne. The information given in this pocket guide is of the most comprehensive kind, and at the same time invariably relevant and lucid. The illustrative matter—maps, woodcuts, plans of churches, and so forth—is of exceptional utility. From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we receive Dickens's *Dictionary of London and Dictionary of the Thames*, revised for the present year. Models of concise and intelligent arrangement, these handy guides must be now in no need of recommendation. Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. forward a *Pictorial Guide to Windsor and its Castle*, well suited to the requirements of the excursionist.

Mr. G. F. Armstrong's *Victoria* (Longmans & Co.), a "Jubilee Song from Ireland," takes high rank among the many odes and hymns that celebrate what ought to be an inspiring event with our poets. It is finely modulated and distinguished by a sustained elevation of sentiment that befits the dignity of the theme.

We have received the Shelley Society's interesting facsimile of the holograph MS. of the Marlow tract, *A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Country* (Reeves & Turner), with an Introduction by Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

Among our new editions are Mr. Tristram Ellis's handbook, *Sketching from Nature*, illustrated by Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., and the author (Macmillan & Co.), Mr. W. H. Torriano's *William III.* (W. H. Allen & Co.), and a cheap re-issue of Mr. H. S. Cunningham's novel, *Wheat and Tares* (Diprose & Bateman).

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